



The Grail

APRIL, 1931

Love Is That Way

EMILY S. WINDSOR

Where East Met West

EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

Montmartre & Basilica of Sacred Heart

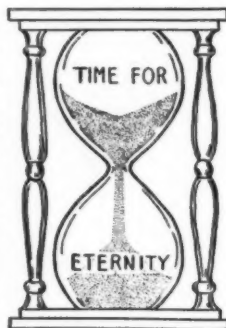
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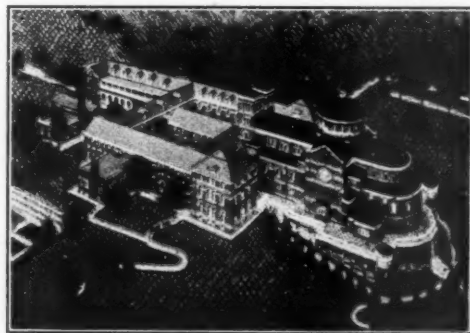
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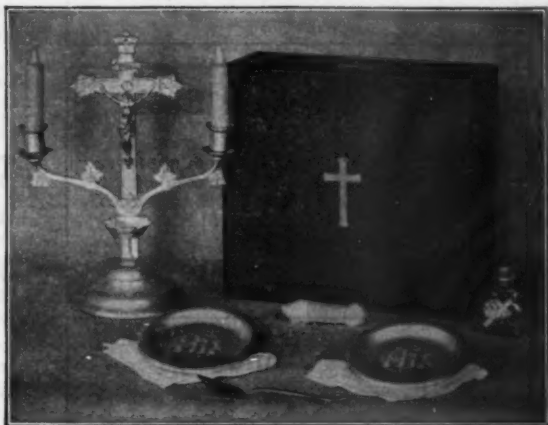
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The Grail

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CONTENTS

LITURGICAL JOTTINGS	Victor Duz, O. S. B.	533
EASTER PEACE—(Poem)	Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.	533
MONTMARTRE AND BASILICA OF SACRED HEART	Nancy Buckley	534
THE FOES—No. 14—(Poem)	Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.	536
FIRST EDITOR AND FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER	Francis Dickie	537
LOVE IS THAT WAY	Emily S. Windsor	541
EASTER PLEA—(Poem)	Maurice V. Bochicchio	542
PRESCIENCE—(Poem)	Winnie Lynch Rockett	543
WHERE EAST MET WEST	Edith M. Almedingen	544
GETHSEMANE—(Poem)	Marie Shields Halvey	544
EASTER MORN—(Poem)	Maurice V. Bochicchio	545
ALAN'S DAUGHTER	Mary Agatha Gray	547
WISHES—(Poem)	Katheryn Ullmen	551
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES FOR COLEGE MEN	Burton Confrey	554
INTEREST IN THE INDIAN A PHASE OF CATHOLIC ACTION .	B. Confrey	556
EASTER BELLS—(Poem)	L. Mitchell Thornton	558
THE STATUE IN THE TUILERIES—(Poem)	Stephen White	558
KWEERY KORNER	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.	561
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS	Clare Hampton	562
CHILDREN'S CORNER	Agnes Brown Hering	564
MAID AND MOTHER	Clare Hampton	570
DR. HELEN'S CONSULTING ROOM	Helen Hughes Hielacher, M. D.	575

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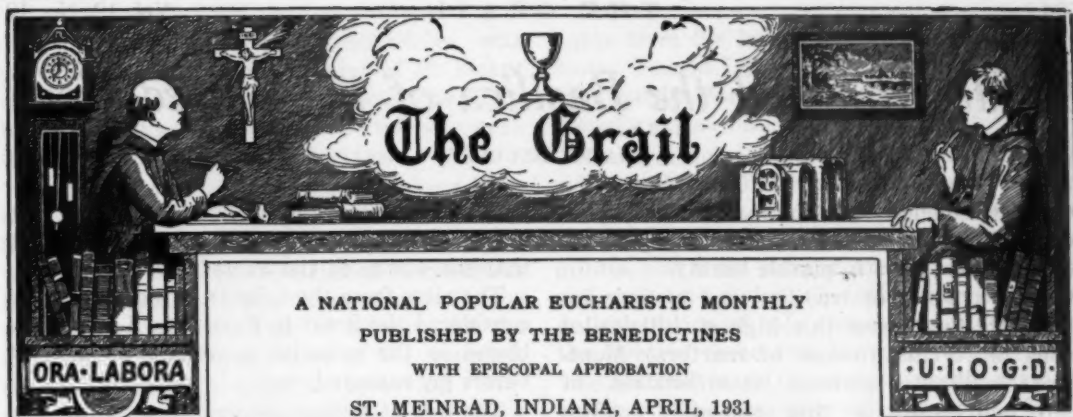
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HE IS RISEN AS HE SAID

At length he appeared to the eleven as they were at table: and he upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, and because they did not believe them who had seen him after he was risen again.—St. Mark 16,14.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

THE RESURRECTION

There was a day in the Church year on which no Holy Mass was offered to God. That day has gone! It was a day of awe, a day of grief and affliction, a day of darkness and desolation. But it has passed—Good Friday, the only day of its kind in the liturgical cycle. And now the pure flood of Easter sunshine sparkles at the candle tips and nestles amid the chaste buds of the paschal lilies on the altar. The Church has called her children together to rejoice over another solemnity—the Solemnity of Solemnities. God has wiped away the tears from the hearts of those who have suffered with Christ and have gone down into the tomb with Him by a Lent of sacrifice. Christ's Resurrection is their resurrection, for they, having died with Him, now have the happiness of rising with Him to a new life of spiritual endeavor.

WITH MIND AND HEART

After we have had the joy of eating the Pasch with Christ, let us show forth its effects in our life and conduct. So we are bid to do in the oration of the Mass for Low Sunday. And while our voices are lifted up in praise of the Lamb of God, now risen and destined to die no more, we should strive to bring the desires of our hearts into harmony with the sentiment expressed by the prayer we say with the lips. Otherwise the words of our Savior may justly serve as a reproach to us: "This people honoreth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." Serving God with mind and heart and senses attuned to the lofty pitch of chastened joy sounded by the Easter liturgy, we cannot but hope that our lives will be like sweet organ music in the Divine ear, ever swelling, vibrating, overflowing with the glorious melody of love which it is our happy priv-

ilege to pour forth even in this mortal life before the throne of God.

Why the Catholic Press?

The Prairie Messenger, which is published by the Benedictines of St. Peter's Abbey, Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada, gives this bit of advice to those of the faith who can't see that the Catholic press is doing much good:

"Pope Leo XIII didn't agree with them. He said: 'A Catholic paper is a perpetual mission.'

"Pope Pius X didn't agree with them. He said: 'In vain will you found missions and build schools, if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press.'

"Pope Benedict XV didn't agree with them. He said: 'The work of the Catholic papers has been most praiseworthy. They have been an effective auxiliary to the pulpit in spreading the faith.'

"Pope Pius XI doesn't agree with them. He says: 'The power and influence of the Catholic press are so great that even the seemingly most insignificant activity in favor of it, is always of great importance, because great results may come therefrom. Anything that you will do for the Catholic press, I will consider as having been done for me personally. The Catholic press is very close to my heart, and I expect much from it.'

"This testimony from the Vicars of Christ should have weight with Catholic people. What the Popes have put so strongly has been seconded hundreds of times by bishops and clergy.

(Continued on page 558)

Easter Peace

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Easter Peace, the Master's token,
As His loving greeting spoken
Sweetly to each troubled breast,
Thrills our soul with festive gladness,
Emptying it of gloom and sadness.
Risen Savior, be Thou blest!

Montmartre and the Basilica of the Sacred Heart

NANCY BUCKLEY

ON the heights of Montmartre that dominate the whole of Paris the Basilica of the Sacred Heart rises in marble beauty.

What a world of tradition and historic interest clusters about this highest hill called Mons Martyrum (mount of martyrs) Montmartre! What a glorious manifestation of faith and loyalty is this splendid basilica crowning its very summit! As I walked slowly up the terraced slope, my eyes were refreshed by the green grass that carpeted its sides; my ears, weary of the jangle of a modern city, rejoiced to hear the musical fall of cool waters in the fountains.

It was about four o'clock; the day had been rather dark and chill, but now the sun was

making a belated appearance, bringing into bright relief the façade of the basilica and the majestic statue of the Sacred Heart.

The view from the heights of Montmartre is considered the finest in Paris, and I was spellbound as the splendid panorama spread out before my raptured eyes.

The tips of myriad spires gilded by the sun, the etching of domes and towers, the blue-green line of the Seine, the crisscrossing of boulevards and avenues—what an unforgettable picture was painted on that May afternoon! How far away Paris seemed up there on that lofty hill! What a wonderful inspiration to build a church there, to enshrine Christ above the city that appears to kneel in humble submission at His feet!

Some early chronicler has aptly called Montmartre the "eye and the heart of France." This "holy mountain of Paris" has long been enshrined in the love and devotion of the French people. Of old, watered by the blood of St. Denis and his companions, it saw the beginnings of the Christianizing of the city.

As I looked and marvelled, slowly one by one the pages of history turned back, far back to the twelfth century. A Benedictine convent was established then on this hill by Louis VI, and rebuilt by Louis XIV. To-day only the church known as St. Pierre of Montmartre remains.*

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—About the year 750 a parish church, dedicated to St. Peter, was built on the summit of Montmartre. In 1133 Louis le Gros (Louis VI), King of France, acquired the right of this church. Dividing it into two parts, he gave one to the parish and the other to Benedictine Nuns from an ancient abbey that had been founded at Rheims in 958. The new foundation prospered and continued on down to the French Revolution in 1794. Madame Marie Louise Laval, the forty-third and last Abbess of Montmartre, was seized and thrown into prison. On July 3, 1794, this saintly Abbess shed her blood for the faith. In 1922 she was beatified.—The Abbey of Montmartre had flourished nearly six and a half centuries. In 1630 Nuns from this famous Abbey established themselves at Montargis, also in France. When this latter foundation was disturbed by the French Revolution, the



BASILICA OF SACRED HEART ON MONTMARTRE

In the Reign of Terror Montmartre was called Mont Marat and the church of St. Pierre became a temple of Reason. During the Commune sad days of massacre and civil war were the portion of this Hill of Martyrs.

The attacks of the enemies of France have been for centuries hurled against this natural bulwark. Against her stern slopes the ruddy waves of hot conflicts have dashed in relentless fury. She has heard the tramp of soldiery, the roar of cannon, the clash of arms; and the aftermath of battle, the cries of the wounded, the agonizing of the dying, the sickening vibrations of hatred and greed—all these have been carried to her ears by every wind that blew over her lofty head. But she has also heard the low intense voices of thousands of pilgrims, the chanting of hymns, the slow pace of reverent feet that have ever sought her as a place of prayer and as a rallying point of piety.

Therefore, when the disastrous days of 1870 dawned, and the armies of France were defeated and taken captive, and her proud banners of glory were drooping in the humiliation of a shameful peace, what more logical than a vow to erect upon this sacred mountain a national shrine, an ex-voto, to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Him whose tenderness and mercy France so sorely needed in those dark hours?

This idea occurred to two laymen of ardent piety, and, on June 16th, 1875, the foundation was laid. Stone by stone this magnificent basilica, built by the capital of the rich, the labor of the poor, rose higher and higher, until its cross-crowned steeple pierced the sky. France, eldest daughter of the Church, has given to the world a white and shining citadel of faith and of love where, all through the busy hours of the day and the hushed silence of the night, a mighty cloud of prayer soars to the very throne of heaven.

With these thoughts in my mind, reverently I entered the Basilica. The interior, shaped like a Greek cross, was flooded with softly-colored

Nuns fled to England in 1792. In this recently hostile land, which had gone through the great persecution under Henry VIII and his followers, like the dove from Noe's ark, they set foot. After several temporary locations, they finally settled at Princethorpe, which is near Rugby. There they now have a numerous community with a very flourishing school.

lights from the beautiful stained-glass windows. Far off I could see the high altar ablaze with candles, for the Blessed Sacrament is perpetually exposed for adoration.

The first chapel on the right is appropriately called St. Michael's Chapel, as it was an ex-voto from the French Army to the Sacred Heart under the patronage of the leader of the heavenly militia, and of St. Joan of Arc, the soldier maid and national heroine. Beautiful mosaic panels on either side of this chapel depict events in the lives of these two heavenly warriors. I was touched to see so many war crosses and ensigns in the glass case set in the wall. Hundreds of soldiers returning here to give thanks have left their prized decorations at the feet of St. John and St. Michael.

The next chapel is dedicated to St. Louis and here the lovely mosaic panels show the saintly king dispensing justice and charity.

Dazzled by the lavish, yet exquisite, richness of marble and of gold, by the pastel colors of the light pouring through the windows, I walked slowly down the aisles passing the chapels of St. Margaret Mary, and of St. Benedict Labre, each a gem of artistic beauty. I lingered to admire the marvelous detail in the chapel of St. John the Baptist and of St. Joseph. In the latter the altar is a gem of the goldsmith's art and, to describe it adequately, needs all the richness of imagery and of artistic lore. Gold stars glitter on a turquoise foundation, topazes and amethysts catching the sun's rays, sparkle with undreamed-of brilliancy.

The Lady Chapel has a beautiful statue of the Madonna and Child under the title of "Our Lady of Peace." The electric lights of the altar are formed like vases holding lilies, the flowers being of crystal with gilt stems.

Each chapel, there are fifteen of them, is a jewel of rare beauty. Each one held me enthralled by the wonderful symbolism of its mosaics. To illustrate: the ornamentation of the chapel of the Marine has to do with the sea. The little arches are sculptured shells. The altar, appropriately dedicated to the Star of the Sea, *Stella Maris*, has a lovely image of the Madonna as if suspended on the waves and bringing aid to a ship-wrecked sailor. Rare green marble is used, and the hanging lamp is fashioned like the prow of a galley.

The high altar, where all the lavish beauty of the Basilica centres, is of magnificent marble from Siena, pale ivory in color, seamed with veins of a darker shade. The body of the altar is ornamented with bouquets of lilies, branches of grapevine, sheaves of corn—all carved from the marble with a surpassing delicacy of touch. The central elevated part supports a monumental exposition throne, a superb work of art, upon which the artistic genius of the goldsmith has been exhausted. The exquisite minuteness of the sculpturing, the marvellous coloring of the mosaics, the golden background for the creamy loveliness of the marble—my words can give but an imperfect idea of this rare beauty. It is a prayer, soft as a sigh of heavenly ardor and as potent, carved out of the heart of a marble block and given a permanence that seems meant for eternity. Two silver angels, bending in profound respect, hold the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament. I, too, knelt in adoration . . .

Then I lighted a candle before the massive statue, in solid silver, of the Sacred Heart. I think there must have been a million tapers burning that afternoon: a million little petitions, a million tiny golden darts aimed at the Heart that knows the Divine way of mercy and of healing.

I descended into the crypt, which is in itself a magnificent church with many altars. Its dimensions equal those of the upper Basilica. Then, what a contrast, I thought as I mounted to the dome and once again rejoiced in the superb view. An arc of beauty spanned the sky. I picked out the familiar spires of Notre Dame, the thin shaft of St. Jacques, the domes of the Sorbonne, the twin towers of St. Sulpice, the imposing opera house with the steeple of St. Clotilde in the background, the Vendome column, the shining dome of the Invalides, the fragile beauty of the Eiffel Tower, the campanile of the Madeleine and the always entrancing Arch of Triumph.

I think I would have been there yet, held a happy thrall in Beauty's silken snare, if it had not been near closing time and the bell tower had yet to be visited. Here the celebrated bell, called the Savoyarde, offered by Savoy to the Sacred Heart, hangs in lordly splendor. On November 11th, 1918, its powerfully sweet

voice rang out the Armistice and the end of the World War. What must have been the thoughts, the emotions of Paris that day when the Savoyard's voice proclaimed the message of peace!

Reluctantly, with many a backward glance, I left the Basilica.

Returning by the Rue Lepic, I passed many of the landmarks that have made Montmartre one of the chief literary and artistic quarters of Paris.

While waiting for the auto-bus to take me to my Hotel, my eyes lingered on the hill and its marble sanctuary. In the rapidly falling dusk it seemed more beautiful than ever, more like a dream. And then I realized that it was a dream of love, of faith, of supplication, that France had made come true in the regal French way.

Not to blush at one's fault is to double it.—
Publius Syrus.

The Foes

14. The Relief of Sion

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

The oak of ages groans in the wild blast
Mountains may shudder when the thunder rolls;
Well might Jerusalem be all aghast
When Syrian armies battered its strongholds.

They'd scoured the land and fattened on its wealth
But the besieged grew every day more wan;
And Famine made a league with Death by stealth,
And reft the Jews to Sheol man by man.

Hark! the widows of Sion are making their wail
As their heroes' bones rot in Jehosaphat's vale!
And the bravest that still hold the walls are aquail
As the battle rams boom out their doom!

But Judas doth hearten his men for the fight,
For his galloping spies bring great news with delight:
A new foe from the East shakes the Syrian's might
And already their capital holds!

Then the Syrian courage 'gan swiftly to ouse
And they sought to make peace with the valorous Jews,
Who now nearly received all the terms they did
choose,
And so saved their own Temple again!

Now the mountains of Sion will shudder no more
Nor their stalwart oaks quail at the hurricane's roar,
For Judas the Machabee wields God's own power
As his falchion whirls o'er the slain.

First Editor and First Daily Newspaper

FRANCIS DICKIE

WHAT a man he was! And yet how little the world has heard of him! Theophraste Renaudot, the father of publicity, the founder of the first daily newspaper, of classified advertising, and the how-do-you-rate column, the inaugurator of the travel bureau, of pawn shops for France, and free medical clinics, came into this world on a day of uncertain date between the months of August and December in the year of grace 1586.

However, by way of making up for three centuries in which Renaudot has been generally overlooked, France this year is celebrating in fitting style the 300th anniversary of the founding of the first newspaper, "La Gazette," the first issue of which Renaudot brought out on May 30th, 1631, and which, later issued as "La Gazette de France," continued through the centuries and still to-day has a circulation of a million.

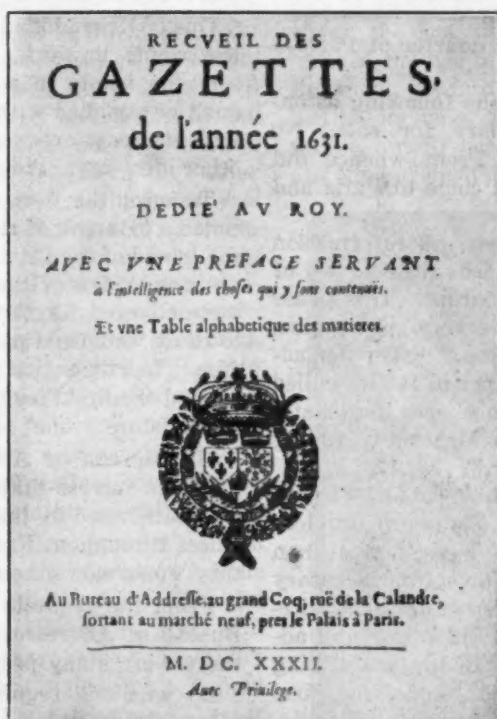
The French, let this be well said in their honor, are great on doing high homage to their departed mighty ones.

The idea (and this only one of the great many varied and valued ones of Renaudot) that advertising could be used as a means of increasing a newspaper's circulation, and that this increased circulation could be used in turn to increase the advertising, appears to us to-day a very simple thing. But like all apparently simple ideas with immense results, it took a great man to conceive it for the first time 300 years ago.

And to-day to look over early copies of this first newspaper, carefully preserved in the Bibliotheque Nationale, brings realization of the genius of the man; and it brings home, too, with queer force, how similar are the wants and ways of man throughout the ages.

Printed sheets, to which historians have given the title "newspaper," were issued in Germany long before the time of Renaudot; and the "Peking Gazette" claims 1,000 years of uninterrupted issue. But credit still must indisputably go to Renaudot as the father of publicity, and modern newspaper, for it was he who first issued a paper containing want ads that were paid for, thus making it possible to sell his paper cheaply.

Perhaps most highly amusing of all to modern readers, and a further high proof of Renaudot's amazing talent as a newspaper organizer, is the fact that he first originated as a feature of his paper the "How-do-you-rate column" or "Questionnaire," which in recent years been so popular a feature of many modern



TITLE PAGE OF OLDEST NEWSPAPER FILE IN
THE WORLD

journals.

Here is a selection of questions taken from one of the issues of his paper in its second year of existence.

"Is wine necessary to soldiers?"

"Who is more inclined to love: Man or woman?"

"It is easier to resist voluptuousness than pain?"

"Tell about the many ways of wearing mourning and why black?"

"Why is no one pleased with their life's vocation?"

"Are men more inclined to vice than virtue?"

"Which is the most noble of the five senses?"

"Who is more noble, man or woman?"

"Can life be extended by science?"

By the summer of 1623 Renaudot had firmly established his classified advertising. To show that the housing situation was always a difficult one in Paris (a fact bitterly known to many foreigners living in Paris to-day) read this advertisement of 1633:

"Wanted a house in any quarter of Paris—at any price."

Under this was offered the following astonishing bargain: "Dromedary for sale. No reasonable offer refused. From whence did this fine ship of the desert come to Paris and how and why?"

At the office of his paper, all information was furnished about what was then known of the different countries of Europe. This phase of his enterprise grew into a very good replica of our modern travel bureau. From the advertising columns of the paper in 1633 is culled an announcement which one sees frequently in journals to-day: "Lady wishes a travelling companion for stay in Italy."

In this year of 1931, when publicity is applied to almost everything, one is prone to lose sight of the fact that it took a really great man in the primitiveness of the seventeenth century to work out the modern aspect by which Renaudot became both successful editor and advertising man, not to speak of his establishing medical clinics for the poor, and the first pawnshop in France.

On May 4th, 1610, Henri IV was murdered. Following this, a wave of poverty and resulting famine and disease swept over France. At the time Renaudot was an obscure doctor twenty-four years of age, living in the small city of Loudun in the Province of the Poitou. But he was full of ideas, particularly to help his fellow men. Some of these he set forth in a book called "Treatise on the Poor." The state of the country was so alarming as to cause anxiety at court. Renaudot's book not only appeared at the most opportune time, but by good luck fell

into the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, and served to recall to Richelieu an acquaintance he had formed with Renaudot when he was only the Bishop of Luçon in 1606. (What a tribute to the rapid rise of Richelieu.) But the "Treatise on the Poor" more than the memory of their acquaintanceship was what brought Renaudot a summons from Paris to come and see the King. On the strength of his ideas as set forth in his book, Renaudot, though such a young man, was given the gigantic task of organizing a systematic relief of public poverty. His salary was 800 pounds a year with 600 pounds for travelling expenses.

One of Renaudot's basic ideas was: "If someone wants to work, and someone to employ, someone wants to sell, another to buy, both must be supplied with the address of the other with the least expense and loss of time." Another idea was: the systematic aid of the sick.

To meet the first need he opened what he called a "Bureau of Addresses" at his house on the Island of the City in Paris, not far from the present bridge of Saint Michel. Three sous were charged for the posting of each address to those who could pay. The poor were helped free. In connection with his second idea he started the first free medical clinic, and opened a drug store.

His Bureau of Addresses was such a tremendous success that on March 16th, 1629, he was authorized by the king to establish similar offices throughout France wherever he thought they would serve the needs of the people.

From the requests that came through the Bureau of Addresses, Renaudot learned that there were many people with valuable possessions who still required immediate cash. He was equal to this side line suggested by the Bureau business and founded the "Mont de Piété" or pawnshop, which the Government of France still carries on to-day under the title "Credit Municipal." The chronicles of his time are exceedingly vague about the workings of the first pawnshop; but it is believed that Renaudot first shouldered the burden charging only 2% interest. From a study of his earlier life it is evident he got the idea from his travels in Italy where the loan system was there operated under the direction of the Pope.

In following the career of Renaudot it must always be kept clearly in mind in these modern days how exceedingly slowly things moved in the seventeenth century. Renaudot's Bureau of Addresses developed and expended for fifteen years before, as an indirect result of them, his greatest brain child, the modern newspaper, resulted.

The night of May 29, 1631, is a most memorable one, for it saw the birth of the "Gazette." All night Theophraste, helped by a neighbor in his dwelling, "Grand Coq," worked the hand printing press. Picture for yourself the pressroom, for it was also his home. From different points on the wall long, stout cords stretched to various pieces of furniture. On these lines were hung to dry the pages of the first issue. As dawn broke, Renaudot walked rapidly toward the Louvre, and delivered the first three numbers, the first one to the king, the second to Richelieu, the third to Father Joseph, a friend of Renaudot. The paper was of good size: four sheets in quarto; it contained "Hot News" with date lines from Constantinople, Rome, Spain, High Germany, Venice, Vienna, Hamburg, Prague, and Leipsic. Though all the news was made up of letters, some many weeks old, it was still "hot news" in that it was unknown. Probably the most amusing of the stories was the following: "The Shah of Persia is waging stern war on his subjects who use tobacco by suffocating numbers to death with the smoke from the weed."

Curiously enough this first number carried no news of France, nor the signature of the editor, or where it was published. Neither did this first issue bear advertisements. But, with the birth of the paper, there came to Renaudot realization that the wants posted in his Bureau of Addresses could get far quicker and greater circulation in the pages of his paper. Thus was the idea of classified advertising fully born.

The newspaper had only been operating a short time when Renaudot received from the king the monopoly of publications. He became the publisher of the "Mercure de France," still to-day a popular magazine.

To give in some three thousand words an adequate aperçu of a life so vivid, so varied and wide in its activities as that of Renaudot, do his genius justice, is next to an impossibility.

Yet a picture of him would remain incomplete and shadowy without some reference to things other than his side to the progress of the world.

Young Theophraste was certainly one of the world's ugliest children. So ugly, even his fond mother often cried: "He is a good son, but so homely. I often wonder if he is mine."

Terribly bony and thin, with enormous hands at the end of overlong arms, and his face marred by a wide-nostrilled nose of an incredible flatness. Theo looked an appalling infant. As a youth his looks remained unimproved. Yet, despite his mother's prophecy: "Ah, unfortunate boy, you will never find a girl to marry you," he had no less than three wives, the last one a young woman when he reached the age of sixty-five. Fortunately for Renaudot, his father was a man of means, who had an immense admiration for intellectual people, largely because of his own inability for any kind of mental effort. In striking contrast



THEOPHRASTE RENAUDOT FOUNDER OF FIRST
DAILY NEWSPAPER

to him, the son probably due to his natural inclinations, and because of his handicaps of face and figure, was an amazing student. Often he worked at his books far into the night, finally falling asleep with the candle weeping beside him. As are generally all good pupils, Theophraste, was hated by his schoolmates to whom he was held up as a model by the masters. At nineteen he exhausted the educational possibilities of his native town, and went to the University of Montpellier where he completed his studies in medicine, graduating before he was twenty, too young legally to practice medicine. But because of his "precocious knowledge and the vivacity of his brain" he was given a special license.

However, aided by the means of his father, instead of immediately starting practice, he set out for Italy, and at the end of several months went on to Paris. Of this period of his life, during which he spent more than a year in Paris, little is known. They were, however, vivid months. From all parts of France, with the end of the religious wars, adventures, ex-soldiers, and tramps poured into Paris, descending upon its ill-smelling streets, bringing their vices, disease, and vermin. A perfect world for a young doctor! Here Renaudot got his first knowledge which went into the writing of his book the "Treatise on the Poor." The fact that he was a Huguenot was against his practicing medicine, and the Faculty of Medicine of Paris refused to welcome him. However, the College of St. Cosmo accepted him; and here he cut flesh and grated bones in the interest of the poor.

At the time the Edict of Nantes brought to an end the long religious wars raging in his home town, Renaudot again took up residence there as a practicing physician, his time spent in Paris giving him greater prestige than a pocket full of diplomas. He married when he was twenty-three, and the next four years saw four sons born to him.

At the remarkably youthful age of twenty-six we find Renaudot once more in Paris, placed by the king in charge of a gigantic project to aid the poor.

His free clinics marked the renewal of attacks upon him by the Faculty of Paris, which, begun on his first arrival in Paris, lasted until

the end of his life. The organization of these clinics, far-reaching in their effects, was very simple. The people were divided into three classes: The rich, who could pay for all services; the moderately well-to-do, who could afford the needed remedies; and the very poor, who were treated for nothing. To these clinics Renaudot gave constant personal attention and much time.

Shortly after his second arrival in Paris, his wife died, leaving him with five children. In 1626 he married again at the age of forty. At this time, under the guidance of Cardinal Richelieu, he became converted to Catholicism. In spite of this, and the fact that in his most successful years he was spending 2,000 pounds a year of his own money in aid of the poor, as well as devoting much time and work to unpaid services, this dauntless physician was still bitterly attacked by the Faculty of Paris, and other enemies. The death of Richelieu in 1642, and the death of Louis XIII shortly before, Renaudot's two staunchest friends, was the beginning of bad times for him. The Queen sided with his enemies, and this so variedly brilliant man, at the age of fifty-six, saw life turn definitely against him. In 1644 he was condemned to give back all objects in the Mont de Piete upon which he had loaned money, a terrific loss. At the same time, his old enemy, the Faculty of Paris, was given charge of the free clinics, his proudest work, the accomplishment of a lifetime.

Repaid by ungratefulness, old and alone, his only solace "La Gazette," the world's first newspaperman retired to an apartment in the Louvre, which the Queen could not deny him because of his Office of Historian to the King. And here he died on October 25, at the age of sixty-seven.

Then, after the strange ways of mankind, his death was widely commented upon. He was loudly praised by all the newspapers. He was given an elaborate funeral, thirty priests attending the body to the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. All the court dignitaries were in attendance to see him laid under the main altar. Everybody said what a good fellow he had been.

And then for 300 years he was all but forgotten. Now his real worth is being once more
(Continued on page 546)

Love Is That Way

EMILY S. WINDSOR

"**Y**OU haven't spoken a word for a half hour, John."

John Moore was reading his newspaper at table. Without even raising his eyes to his wife, he replied,

"I didn't know that you cared to hear my voice. Usually my efforts at conversation seem to bore you very much."

"What nonsense," returned Ellen. "I have been alone all day with no one to say a word to. You are always unreasonable. I suppose something went wrong at the office, and you come home to sulk about it. Oh, the selfishness of men!"

John now put down his paper with a gravity that his wife had not known in him, but which little impressed her as he said,

"Listen, Ellen. We have been married two years, haven't we? Very well, to me they have seemed two centuries. You are not the young girl whom I married."

The young woman had given attention to this. Her blue eyes flamed.

"What are you saying? I don't understand," she exclaimed.

"I say that during our engagement, and at the beginning of our marriage, you did not constantly find fault with me, and try to quarrel with me for nothing, to, to pity yourself—Oh, you are crankier than the worst old woman I know of."

"And what about you?" Ellen's voice rose angrily. "You were never impolite, indifferent, negligent of me. Why, only the other day, Sarah Molloy said to me..."

John stood up. "Excuse me, Ellen," he said as he walked to the window as if he had need of air, "But I do not care to hear what that silly Sarah Molloy said the other day. It makes no difference what she thinks of me."

"There it is! Of course you despise my friends. Your impoliteness extends to every one now."

John Moore was a well-bred man, and very intelligent. He smiled a little at that retort, but his eyes were grave.

"I beg of you, Ellen, why try to quarrel?"

"I thought that more than one was necessary for a quarrel," she said sarcastically.

"That is true. That is why I am going. You will be glad to be rid of me."

"Ah, you have guessed right this time." Ellen's lips trembled as she spoke. Then as he had his hand on the door knob, she added,

"Oh, if I had never married you! I, who so enjoyed life, I am now one of the most unhappy and most lonely of women that live."

"You have said it at last," said John calmly, but swallowing hard, "I have been waiting to hear that for several weeks. You detest me. You are tired of me. Very well. I know that you never really loved me."

Ellen was standing now, her hands clenched. "You talk just like a man. It is always the woman's fault."

"I suppose we are both at fault," he said sadly. "But now the only thing to do is to act for the best in not having any more scenes."

Their eyes met for an instant.

It is thus that sometimes two beings separate, and are destined perhaps never again to meet each other.

On leaving his office that afternoon, John Moore sought a small park and seated himself in a secluded corner. He must be alone to think. The scene of the morning with Ellen was fresh in his mind. He had no inclination to return home and have it continued as it would be with his wife in bad humor.

"She has never really loved me," he thought. "If only I could rid her of me." A divorce!—oh, no! the Catholic teachings of his youth would prevent his considering such a thing. And no more would Ellen consent to it. She had been brought up a Catholic also.

His thoughts went on. "Poor little girl. We have both made a mistake. She is as unhappy as I. And to think that we are young, and have, perhaps, a long life before us! And what an existence! I am so tired of it."

It was Saturday. John thought with dread of the next day. Sunday would be no day of

rest for him with Ellen. He felt that he could not face it and he decided that he would not go through it. He would spend the day at Lakeside in a quiet little inn. It would be easy for him to get back to the office in time on Monday morning. Glancing at his watch, he saw that there was still time to catch the next train. With an air of decision he stood up. Yes, he would go. He would telegraph Ellen from Lakeside.

The station was at no great distance away. Thither he walked briskly along with a certain feeling of relief at the thought of being away from his home and Ellen for some hours.

Arriving at the station, he found that the train he had expected to get had been taken off and there would not be another for two hours. Well, he had not yet dined, but there was plenty of time to go to the restaurant across the way and eat at his leisure. First, however, he would telegraph Ellen.

At the entrance to the station he came face to face with Father Murphy, an elderly man of commanding presence, the priest who had known him from boyhood, and who had married him two years before.

"My dear boy," he greeted John affectionately, "I was thinking of you and Ellen, and I was wishing that I had the time to visit you. But I am just passing through the city on my way to

see my brother who is ill." He passed his arm through John's. "There are but a few minutes before my train goes. Walk to the gate with me. Tell me about yourselves."

John replied mechanically to the priest's questions. Yes, he was getting on well. Yes, Ellen was well. He gave him various little details of his life. Then there came a question which to reply to at all would have embarrassed John greatly. "What parish are you in? Do I know your priest?" Happily "all aboard" was called. There was no time for a reply. Father Murphy, after a warm clasp of his hand was gone.

John walked slowly out of the station with a feeling of relief that he had not been obliged to say that he belonged to no parish since they had come to that city. He had made several changes in business since his marriage and had left the city in which he had grown up. There had always seemed some good reason for not going to church. The last six months they had been associated with people, absolutely worldly and without any religion. There had been a whirl of gayety for Ellen, in which he had joined as often as his business allowed.

Thoughts which had long been strangers to his mind came trooping in now. Life seemed all at once insipid, dreary, and almost insupportable. One by one memories of his youth came to him: his confirmation, his first Communion. These made him feel utterly wretched.

Coming to a restaurant, as he walked along engrossed in thought, he stepped in and sat down. As he waited to be served, he glanced around mechanically. At a table quite near him were seated a young man and young woman, who were evidently man and wife.

"How happy they seem," thought John vaguely, as he noticed their smiling glances at each other. But Ellen and he had been so too, at first. How things had changed with them! What had brought it about?

Presently, a young man, on his way out, stopped to say a word to the young couple.

"I thought you people were going with the crowd to Blakely's?"

"No, we didn't go."

"Why not? You have a half holiday on Saturday, George. I'm not so fortunate or I would have gone."

Easter Plea

MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO

Sing sweetly, heart, He has ascended
Amid the charm of hymnal tunes
Unto His kingdom's grand reward,
And peace has come, the trial ended—
Grant us the blessing of this boon,
A brotherhood of man, O Lord!

When pass the years that ages squander,
We may forget the deeds of men
And all the dross that discord brings;
Ah, but for Him the heart grows fonder—
The cross of errors, passions, then
Was for our souls, O King of Kings!

Our mortal burdens on His shoulder
He bore through mockery and jest,
And thunder tore the sky apart.
Though years have fled and nights are older,
Could we forget the passions bless'd?—
For us, for us, O Sanguine Heart!

The reply to this was given in a low tone, but John caught the words: "Well, it has been our habit during the three years that we have been married to go to confession every Saturday afternoon. We do a bit of shopping first, and afterward come here for dinner."

Confession! When had he gone? John could not have told. And Ellen, did she ever go? If she did, he did not know of it. Would things have gone differently with them if they had not neglected their religion? A feeling of great sadness filled his heart as he looked at the happy faces of this young couple. Oh, if he and Ellen were like that!

On leaving the restaurant, he felt that he did not want to go to Lakeside. And he did not want to go home. He walked up one street and down another in a state of indecision.

He wished that Father Murphy had been able to have a talk with him. John felt that he could have unburdened his heart to him. That thought suggested another. Why not go to another priest for confession. There was a Catholic church on the next block. He would go there. A vague wish arose in his heart that Ellen were with him. If something would change her, as he felt that he was going to change! He stood some moments in deep thought, then started to cross the street.

* * * * *

When the door had closed on John that morning, Ellen began hastily to clear away the breakfast table. She would get through her domestic affairs as quickly as possible, she decided. But first she would call up Sarah Molloy and make arrangements with her for passing the afternoon together. She hoped Sarah had no other engagement on hand.

Sarah assured her that she had the day free. "But let's not wait till the afternoon, Ellen. Meet me early, and we'll have lunch together at Coleman's and afterward take in some of the shows."

Ellen demurred a little at that proposition, but Sarah overruled her, and with a laughing, "Be a sport, Ellen," rang off.

Ellen's mind was not at ease as she hurried through her work. John had told her several times that he did not wish her to go to Coleman's unless he was with her. She knew that he would be distinctly displeased at her going

there with Sarah Molloy. He disapproved of her for many reasons. Ellen herself was not particularly fond of Sarah. Circumstances had thrown them together when John and Ellen had first come to the city. Sarah's husband was a travelling man, and as they boarded, Sarah had all her time to spend as she pleased. Besides, she had a private income which she spent lavishly on pleasure. She was a fickle young woman. Showing Ellen around had been a new diversion for her.

Ellen was almost in a mind to call up Sarah again, and refuse to go to lunch at Coleman's, when she recalled the scene that morning with John.

"No, I'll go," she thought hotly. "I'll show him! I'll do as I please."

So when she prepared to go out, she put on her newest and most becoming dress and hat. Her reflection in the mirror gratified her vanity. She knew she was handsome. Among the gay crowd that frequented Coleman's she would not be outshone.

When she returned home late in the afternoon, she found John's telegram awaiting her. That dispelled any compunctions she had for the afternoon spent with Sarah Molloy. She tossed it aside with a shrug of her shoulders. Let him stay away over Sunday, if he liked; what did she care. The next morning she was
(Continued on page 551)

Prescience

WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

Did Jesus, the Carpenter,
Working in wood,
Planing boards and sawing beams,
Ever see in them
The cross take shape?

Only Once

WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

Only once a Christ was born—
Only once;
He bore a death of scorn—
Only once....

Jesus had a life to give,
Only once;
I have a life to live....
Only once!

Where East Met West

EDITH M. ALMEDINGEN

IT has just recently become public knowledge that yet another great color-landmark has gone in Russia. According to the official decree the world-famous Nijny Novgorod fair is to be abolished. To quote the decree—"the fair is proved unnecessary under modern conditions of trade and industry in Russia."

Be this as it may—on the surface, though, one is sorely tempted to look for another, far more plausible explanation. The Nijny Novgorod had—for generations—been one of the great splendors in the thriving commerce-world of the old Russian Empire. It easily carried associations suggestive of the lavishness so prevalent under the old regime. In fine, the fair was all too dangerously reminiscent of conditions best forgotten under the hammer-and-sickle dictatorship.

But I have no desire to probe into the sheer political lining of the abolition decree. There are memories—so many of them—clustered round the mere name of Nijny Novgorod.... It is but natural to turn to them....

For, to begin with, the fair, as such, was no ordinary achievement interpreted in direct terms of crowded stall and laden counter, of exchanged coin and endorsed check. The great fair was an almost immovable institution rather than a periodically recurring event (and may I be pardoned for the clumsiness of this

paradox!), something that was just as inherent to the Russian life in the old days as Ascot is to England at the present time. The fair marked the year, as it were, determining the concerns of various industries, influencing really big business men, coloring the entire trend of the Russian commerce both by its never failing element of daring surprise and by its ultimate achievement. And—to come to things easier understood, the Nijny Novgorod fair was a grateful and mighty splash of well-nigh exotic—not to say oriental—color, thrown so superbly across the otherwise gray pattern of that peculiarly northern environment. Important merchant, humble pedlar, tireless itinerant monk, serious-eyed student, recklessly-minded adventurer, to say nothing about usual travelers of every conceivable calibre, all these and many more would crowd to Nijny for the stupendous event. And the fair amply provided for their several concerns and requirements.

Needless to say, its actual scale was gigantic. Its fame winged (and that without much effort at the so-called technical publicity!) from Canada to China (via Siberia, please!), from Scandinavia to the uttermost South, from Brazil to India and back again. Wheat could you buy there, shimmering golden wheat from the so-called "black soil" regions of Southern Russia. Silks would you find there, pale green and fierce scarlet silks from the Caucasus, pale-tinted stuffs from China and Japan, heavy lustreless deep-dyed silks from Turkestan. There precious stones came, all packed in neat white suede bags, came from the mighty Ural mountains. Spices were brought from India as well as from "the lands south of Shanghai." You could feast your eyes on exquisite ivory, plain and carved, on well-nigh priceless jade, on corals and on pearls.... There lay cunningly woven carpets, soft carpets from Persia and sometimes from Anatolia. There lay fruit—tall fragrant piles of rare fruit—grown in remote places with curiously ringing names to them.... There ran cascades of creamy-white lace, worked by peasant hands in the northern

Gethsemane

MARIE SHIELDS HALVEY

Night, and the silent, changeless stars;
A sigh of wind in the olive trees
Breathes to the earth of the rest of God;
His shelt'ring arms and a world at ease.

Night, and the stillness of hill and vale;
The sleeping three in the distance lie;
And all alone, in the world that he loves,
The Deathless, learning the way to die!

Night in the city loved and lost;
Laughter and song and the warm, red wine;
While the bitter chalice that might not pass
Is drained to the dregs by a Love Divine.

regions of the vast Russian Empire.... in fact, there you would find just anything from the least common species of particularly ugly monkeys, bred in the dense South American forests, to big plain pieces of fine white jade, the like of which could not possibly be as much as coveted by a casual bidder....

So there at Nijny Novgorod—in the very heart of Russia, surrounded by wealth and luxury and exquisite specimens of the most beautiful things that the Lord's world has ever yielded, there East met West through those colorful days of the annual fair, East met West smilingly and enjoyed the meeting in the heartiest manner imaginable.

And in among those crowds moved slim Tartar dealers, narrow of eye and very proud of mouth, concerned mainly about rare rugs and Eastern silks, horses and cattle. Tartars in their typical multicolored velvet skull caps, thickly brodered in gilt thread. Tartars were worthy of note—with their unruffled, slow-measured courtesy, their cool indifference to the choicest wine pressed on them by the extravagant dealers. Tartar lips would touch pure water and smile peace and content. Slender, small Japanese pedlars shuffling about, their red-lacquered trays laden with many an exquisite trifle in jade or else in ivory. There shone the brilliant green and red-striped turbans of the arrogant Turkestan folks, their deeply guttural voices praising their own carpets and their own sweets just a little too pointedly. There went the quick dark-faced Portuguese from the Brazilian shores, fiercely intent on buying amethysts and topazes from the taciturn bearded men of the Ural. And here you might stumble across an incredibly cool American cattle dealer, quite genuinely interested both in his cigar and in his opponent's check-book, almost too easily keeping his head cool for all the pandemonium around him. At Nijny, few bargains could be clinched without a great deal of gesturing and shouting. These carried keen dramatic values entirely their own. Thus, everybody gestured. Everybody shouted.

Yet all of the above must be taken in the light of a rather gigantic side line. Actual big deals were made well away from those crowded avenues, though with this business on "the worth-while scale" the casual visitor to Nijny

had very little to do, if anything at all. The *raison-d'être* of the great fair, and, most likely—its so quickly recognized international significance may indeed have depended on concessions, treaties, deeds, bushels of wheat, and such like. But the glamour and the artistry of Nijny, undoubtedly, lay outside these, right in the open, where rare things would tease you, where the generously unfolded silks from Schachmata reminded you of some vast sea, green twilight sea, rippling all over with sunset gold and purple—where, as you felt sometimes, you could barter all your other worldly possessions against that resplendent uncut emerald "pure and unspotted from the very depths of the Ural."

And I don't think I am mistaken in saying that, probably, the most thrilling adventure of all was to come to Nijny, your pockets lined very shabbily, if at all. The fair was then yours to stroll about. Your sense of wonder at the inaccessible could not be blunted by any proprietary impulse. Your fiery enthusiasm could not be damped by any cheaply limited covetousness. Your sense of actual ownership could not be sated since the wealth of any Croesus could easily become yours—for the sheer dreams your mind went on weaving and weaving.

There was still more to it. The Nijny fair

Easter Morn

MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO

Easter Morn! The brilliant sun now beams
In radiance proud and grand;
From cloud-specked blue his rays supreme
Spread o'er the gladsome land.

Easter Morn! There sways in gusts of breeze,
As waving phlox in vale,
A joyful group of whisp'ring trees
That guard the winding trail.

Easter Morn! A songster chirps a note,
Then shields an egg so small—
The tuneful thrill of ruby throat
Will vanquish gloom and pall.

Easter Morn! Life throbs in blades of grass,
A brook flows down to sea,
A fuzzy rabbit scurries past
And scampers o'er the leaf!

would occasionally fling you out of your own self—so to speak—it certainly educated you far more than in the strict academical sense; it gave you richly varied moods, prompted you to think in terms of proudly unboundaried spaces, carried you far, far into the otherwise inaccessible lands. Yet, on the other hand, the Nijny would leave you with a newly born humbleness in you, since that generous display of material wealth and luxury almost effortlessly suggested a comparison—and lost thereby, leaving you, nevertheless, grateful for all the beauty seen and conjured and shaped in the world—even though you subtly realized the non-abidingness of it all.

So, a visit to Nijny proved, and that without any exaggeration, a unique experiment. . . . It was something not easily forgettable to rub shoulders with that homogeneous crowd, that watching and wondering crowd, to listen to a bewildering linguistic medley, to observe hands, fine expert knowledge at their very finger tips, run through an exquisite motley of silk and rubies, gilt thread and pearls, pick up a faultlessly carved ivory detail and rapidly appraise it, the while you stood by, aware, though not regretfully, that your own exchequer would permit nothing more than the humble purchase of a brightly tinted and uncouthly shaped fair memento in plain glass, or, perhaps, in unglazed china. This did not matter greatly. At Nijny Novgorod even such an otherwise inelegant trifle would come to you, some hidden grace added to it. So presently you would leave, still wondering, still admiring. . . . Sheer gold, fierce rubies, blue silk, copper silk. . . . white and silver vestments of clergy at the solemn blessing of the just-to-be-opened Fair (since nothing of any import whatsoever could happen in old Russia without swayed thuribles and chanted prayers!) Palely hued soft Anatolian carpets. . . . Ropes of pearls and crucifixes of matchless ivory. . . . You had held all these your very own in the heart of your jealously unshared dreams. . . . And last, but never least, all those extraordinary men hailing from equally extraordinary lands. . . . What an illuminated page for your memory book!

So East did indeed meet West—smiling. East would part from West—laughing. The swift, golden-coated, silken-maned horses from the

Caucasian strongholds beat the silver-white dust down the Nijny Novgorod roads and the tiny 'crimson' bells from Podol rang out the closing of the great fair and torches dimmed away and the laden stalls stood, draped in rigid gray—till the following year.

And this, the very final closing of the fair, is apt to invite a comparison. The annual joy-making in the heart of Russia is no longer considered 'necessary' and the slender belfries stand silent at Nijny and elsewhere, too, 'by an official decree' One is apt to remember that, in its own turn, Catholic medievalism had known many a gallant civic joy until the sternness of self-styled Reformers saw fit to label laughter one of the great sins and to turn Sunday into a day of utterly reasonless mourning. . . . Let the comparison end there, as the very last peal of the famous 'crimson' bells has rung out at Nijny!

Yet, for a long time will it be remembered, that great effort to span so many differences, racial, national, and otherwise, where East would meet West and then part, conscious of mutually-enjoyed companionship.

First Editor and First Daily Newspaper

(Continued from page 540)

appreciated, as it was appreciated by Louis XIII and Richelieu.

To-day his paper still flourishes, and his pawnshop idea is a source of profit to the nation. And publicity, which he fathered, is one of the most important factors in modern life.

Christ's voice, rising from the depths of His humiliation as Victim for sin, makes all the riches of heaven accessible to us.

An avenging God ever follows the proud.—Seneca.

Easter Lamb

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

Easter Lamb, on Calvary slain,
Atoning by Thy death and pain
Sins of all mankind;
Teach us, guide us on the way
Ever upward, till we may
Rest in Thee forever find.

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER XX—FATHER AND DAUGHTER

WHEN Adalbert and his party came to Eastry they found the gates open, and Hereward waiting to receive them in Egbert's name. Duncan was pleased to see his old friend of Hwiccan days, and truly Hereward, richly clad and with the gold chain of his office as Steward of the King's household, was a goodly man to look upon. He was now middle-aged, and had lost somewhat of the slenderness of his figure, but he had not grown fat with the years, perhaps his active life had kept him moderate, as few of the Saxons were. Adalbert called to him as he rode up.

"Well met, Hereward!" he said heartily, "I am come back again on the King's business."

"Then I regret to say that the King's business must wait awhile, for the King rode with the Lady Ermenburga early this morning and they have not yet come back. They went to Minster," he added, "and will surely be back ere long, for the days grow shorter now."

"Then we must wait. I bring friends of yours with me," he continued carelessly, watching thethane as he spoke.

"If they come with you, they are welcome," returned Hereward stiffly, "yet I scarcely expected to see them here. It was the King's pleasure that Osway should remain at Wenloch for the present."

"I have no doubt that the King will be right glad to see them when he knows their errand, and the Lady Ermenburga likewise, for I bring you the father and brother of the Lady Alfrida," he announced, for he had noticed that Osway was inclined to speak for himself.

"How may that be? seeing that the father of the Lady Alfrida died but lately. A person hath but one father."

"Therefore is the Chieftain of Alyntyre her father, Hereward, and not Thunor as we supposed, for he miscalled her when he named her his daughter."

Hereward seized the bridle of the old chief almost roughly. "Is this true?" he demanded.

"Easy man!" cried Adalbert, but Hereward was not to be stayed.

"Is this true?" he repeated.

Duncan bowed his head. "It is true, Hereward," he replied with dignity. "I have found my child at last, even as Queen Ermenburga promised me that I should, long since at Wenloch, and now I feel that my days are numbered." He dismounted then and Hereward noted his weakness and put out his hand to support him to the steps that led to the great hall.

"And you are indeed Duncan of Alyntyre! The thing seems impossible!" but in spite at the incredulity of the speech there was a ring of joy in his voice that thethane could not hide.

Adalbert stayed outside with Brother Hugh that Hereward might have a chance to speak to the old man alone, but Osway followed them into the hall, for he felt that his place was at his father's side, even though Hereward had not yet noticed him.

"And, I would see my daughter," reminded the old man.

"She also hath gone to Minster with the Queen," he replied. "Rest you awhile; she will be here ere long."

The old man had sunk into the seat that Hereward had drawn out for him and he noticed that the long ride had wearied him exceedingly. The great sword that hung at his side attracted thethane's attention. He looked at it uneasily and a perplexed frown settled down between his brows, which Osway noticed.

"The sword of Duncan, my father's sword, the sign of his chieftainship," he explained.

"Your father! What means it all, Osway. This is a day of surprises." His voice was low and hoarse.

And then Osway laughed, a sane, hearty laugh, at Hereward's bewilderment. "Did you not understand that my father is the Chief of

Alyntyre? Indeed, I marvel not at your astonishment, Hereward, and I fancy that I must have played the fool rather well, seeing that neither you nor any other suspected me in all those years."

"Nay, I did suspect you at times, Osway, and I even told the Queen that you were not so scant of wits as you oft appeared to be, and it seems that my judgment was right, although I never thought of *this*!"

"Nor I, Hereward. I knew, indeed, that my father was named Duncan, but I never dreamed that 'Alan the Scot' was Duncan of Alyntyre. And had it not been for Brother Hugh, who recognized him in the Cathedral at Canterbury, we had not known it yet."

"And the Lady Alfrida knows naught of this. How shall we tell her?"

"She knows naught. I never told her that Thunor was aught but what he called himself, her father, and Edith knew it all, but she could not tell, for she could neither read nor write, and so the secret was safe, and I was at hand to protect my sister. Thunor, thinking me but the fool I seemed, often gratified his vengeful nature by recounting his evil deeds to me, and those he told me not I discovered, for I was ever on the watch. It was a weary life, and I am glad that it is ended."

"Doubtless you are, my young Chief," returned Hereward dryly, as he went out again to Adalbert and Brother Hugh, for he had been so preoccupied with the discovery which he had made that he had forgotten them. He brought them in and sat awhile and talked with them, but he wanted to go away and think, to get used to the new relationships and the new ideas, and he wanted to see the Lady Alfrida and hear what she would do in this new circumstance. A thought of thanksgiving that after all she was not the daughter of Thunor ran through his mind, for so she owed him no obedience, no duty, his commands would no longer be binding upon her respect. He realized that the moment of fulfillment had arrived for him at last, that his fate would be decided within the next few hours, yet he felt no anxiety, for, given freedom to act as she willed, he thought he knew what her decision would be.

It was sundown when the King returned and then Hereward was forced to forget his pri-

vate affairs for a time, for the duties of his office. He went about these so cheerfully that even the King noticed it, and Alfrida found herself wondering more than once at the gladness that he could not conceal.

The telling of the story had been assigned to Brother Hugh, and he waited until supper was over that he might have the King's undivided attention, then, just as the Queen rose to withdraw, he spoke.

"I crave your indulgence, Lady, and that you will stay with us a little longer, while, with the King's permission, I tell a story that the Archbishop hath charged me to make known as soon as possible.

He told the story as briefly as the circumstances would permit, but clearly and well, and then he sat down. They were all startled when Alfrida rose softly and knelt beside the Queen who passed an arm about her silently but waited for the King to speak. Egbert looked around incredulously, his eyes wandered from Duncan to his son, and then sought Alfrida, and lastly Hereward.

"I should like more proof of this extraordinary tale," he said.

Duncan's eyes flashed, his hand played with the hilt of the great sword, but he recovered himself instantly and rose to answer the King.

"Your demand is just, Egbert," he said, "yet I cannot offer more proofs than have already been furnished, unless this may be one," he added slowly, as if by an afterthought. "Will the Lady Ermenburga look at the third finger of my daughter's right hand? There is, or there used to be there, when she was an infant, on the inside of it, a small brown mole that appears to run right through the finger, for there is a similar mark on the other side."

Alfrida gave a little cry as the Queen drew off a wide gold ring that she was accustomed to wear, for beneath the ring were found the marks that Duncan had described, and none, not even the Queen had ever seen them before, so that they knew that Duncan had surely spoken sooth.

Ermenburga bade her rise and herself led her to the King that he might see the marks with his own eyes. Egbert beckoned to the old man to approach him, and when he had come close,

he laid the hand of Alfrida in the hands of her father. "Take her, Duncan, I am satisfied."

But Duncan stretched forth his own hand to the king, "See, I bear the same mark," he said, and so does my son; it is the mark of our race."

Osway glanced hastily at his own hands, browned and roughened and hardened by his outdoor life. And the sign was there too, that marked him as of the race of Alyntyre, although it scarcely showed so plainly as upon Alfrida's white hands.

"You have not yet spoken to Duncan, Cousin," reminded the Queen, and he looked up at the old man suddenly. "Duncan of Alyntyre is an old friend," he said smiling, "yet Alan the Scot seems more familiar, for so I used to know him. I would that King Merwald were here to hear the story, for he always willed with his great, strong heart to restore you to your lost ones. In his name then, I rejoice with you, as well as in my own, and I thank God that He hath appointed me to restore your daughter to you."

Duncan had slipped to his knees, for he would not otherwise take the King's hand, though his own name was as noble as Egbert's, but for the sake of the friendship that had been so freely bestowed upon him in the days of his captivity, he bent and kissed the King's hand. Then he turned to Alfrida. "Come, Vida," he said "it is your father's turn to hold you in his arms." And Ermenburga led her to him, and her eyes filled with tears. "It is well," she said smiling, "go to your father, child, and comfort him as you have comforted others." And to Duncan she added, "keep her safely, Chieftain of Alyntyre, until another take her from you."

"That shall none do!" cried the old man. "I have won her through much weariness and many years, now I keep her."

"Aye, Chieftain," broke in Hereward, "but an you take her, you take another son with her, for I have loved her long."

"To-morrow, Hereward. It is not fair to press Alfrida to-night," said Ermenburga. "To-morrow let her give you her answer. It is late and I would fain retire. May I take my lady with me?" she asked smiling of Duncan.

"Lady, to you I could refuse nothing. It is very long since you promised me this boon, yet,

to my shame be it said, of late my faith hath failed somewhat, because seeing myself so advanced in years, I deemed it impossible. I thank you for many favors, and most of all for this, that you have cared for my child. God keep you, Vida." Then as she started from his embrace, "ah, I forgot! you knew not even your own name, you were named for David, my brother, who wandered away from Alyntyre and was lost to us. Once I heard that he had become a monk, I never knew for certain how it was. Well, he is dead belike, for he was my elder brother and would have been Chieftain himself. But when my father died, and he came not, I girded on the Chieftain's sword. How I lost it, you have already heard, and how it has been guarded by my son that it might be given back into the grasp of my old hands. To-morrow we will talk again. The Queen's lady must go to do her office. God watch over you, Vida." He laid his hand for a moment upon her head. "God keep you," he said again gently, and turned away.

Ermenburga led her to her chamber, for she was overwrought with the shock and the joy of the revelation that the evening had brought.

"It is like learning life all over again," said Alfrida. "I know not my own father. For all that I am a woman grown and no longer a young one either, and the man I called 'father' was not so. Dear Lady, it is most perplexing, yet you say that it is true. And my father hath given the proof that the King asked for."

Ermenburga drew her gently into a seat. "Aye, it is all proven, Alfrida, even the little mole on your finger helped the story to a right ending. When God sets the tiniest mark upon a person, it is not wantonly, or without a reason. And I am glad, more glad than I can say, to know that you are not alone in the world. You have a father now, and a brother who will take his place after a little while. See how God has straightened out the tangle in His own good time."

"Straightened? Aye, but it is all strange to me yet, and though I am thankful to have found a father and a brother, it is hard to think of 'Alan the Scot,' and Osway in those relationships."

"Duncan of Alyntyre," corrected the Queen gently. "You would find it easier, maybe, if

you were to keep the name that Thunor bestowed upon you, but that is for you to choose."

"I? I will surely keep the name which I have always borne as long as I can remember. I should not know myself as 'Vida.' As for Osway, let him be 'Arthur,' if he will. The name will better fit the future Chieftain of Alyntyre than 'Osway.'"

"Do not let your father hear you say aught against the name your mother gave you. It was hers, too, remember."

She left Alfrida then after they had offered a brief prayer together. The newly-discovered daughter was alone with her thoughts. They bewildered her. The whole fabric of her life, as she knew it, was demolished, and she had to reconstruct it. She could not compose herself to sleep, and threw herself into a deep armchair, first throwing a heavy cloak around her, for the night was chilly. She remained thus for a long while scarcely even thinking, hardly dreaming, half stunned, and then the Queen's words came to her again: "Forget not to pray and thank God for the gift of a good father." How often had not Hereward spoken to her of 'Alan the Scot,' 'the man with the soul of a saint, and the heart of a child,' he had called him, and even then Alfrida had come to pity and reverence the man of whom adversity had made a slave, even though he had been in the service of Queen Ermenburga. And so this was her father! the 'good father' for whom she must thank God. Here was a duty unfulfilled, and she sank upon her knees, and rested her hands upon the arm of the great chair that had been Thunor's. Words would not come to her, she was too much stunned, even when she tried to recite the Lord's Prayer the words eluded her, she could only say over and over again "Our Father, Our Father," until at last the hallowed words sank into her soul, and she lost the sense of time and place, and all outward things in the contemplation of that Divine Fatherhood. And then her thoughts returned to the good parent whom she had that day discovered, and from him they turned to him to whom she had given a child's duty all for life, and with all her heart she prayed for the soul of Thunor. It was long ere she rose from her knees and the house was dark and silent, but her prayer had soothed and quieted her, and she slept almost at once.

The sounds of footsteps passing her door told her that the household was astir. It was an effort to attire herself to the task, laying aside the sombre dress that she had worn out of respect to Thunor's memory, and donning a simple gown of white wool with embroideries of tarnished silver. Her unbound tresses were covered with a transparent veil of silk, held in place by a narrow circlet of silver, and thus attired she proceeded to the chapel where Mass was about to be celebrated.

Hereward was hanging about the door and their eyes met as she passed him, but they did not speak and she went forward to her place behind the Queen. She knelt through that Mass in a sort of trance, and her thoughts strayed away from the sacred Action more than once, but when the silver bell announced the Consecration, she realized the Holy Sacrifice, and strove anew to join in it with all her soul. Before her knelt the Queen quite absorbed and motionless, and on the other side of the chapel knelt Egbert and her father, with Hereward in attendance upon the King, and Osway a little in the rear; toward the end of the Mass she remembered with a swift, sudden joy that was like to pain, it was so keen, that Hereward was to come to her that day for his answer.

And then came the full realization of all that the finding of her true father must mean to her. The death of Thunor had given her the fullest freedom in religious matters; it had been a relief to be spared his continual presence, but the shadow of parental disapprobation that he had thrown over Hereward's suit had made his death only a calamity for her, since it had cut off the slender hope she had always entertained that he would relent. She had sternly chidden herself for this feeling, and done her utmost to reconcile herself with the overthrow of her most cherished dreams, but it was only now that she perceived the reason for it all, and humbly thanked God Who had shown her that the obstacle did not in reality exist.

They were all assembled in the hall when the Queen led her there. The moment had come. Hereward was waiting; Egbert glanced at her with a question in his eyes, and Duncan was standing beside the King.

"Come hither, Lady Alfrida," and "Come hither, Hereward," called Egbert, making them

stand before him. Alfrida noted gratefully that the Queen had stayed with her and was standing at her right hand. "It hath been told me," began the King, smiling, "that our trusted Steward, Hereward, would wed the Lady Alfrida. As for us, we have given our hearty consent, and the Lady's father is willing, it remains only for her to speak for herself."

Alfrida raised her eyes to the King's face and spoke no word, but she held out her hand to Hereward who grasped it, and the King stretching forth his hands held them together.

"God be gracious unto you," he said, and Hereward drew Alfrida to him gently and kissed her upon the brow, and "I thank you, Egbert, but even more than you, I thank the Lady Ermenburga who hath ever sustained my hopes."

There was no reason for delay and the marriage was celebrated before Advent in the chapel at Eastry with the Holy Sacrifice and much rejoicing. And a few days afterward Queen Ermenburga stole away with Milgytha to the Abbey of Lyminge, for she also had to learn the ways of the religious life, that she might be able to govern the new Abbey at Minster, until such time as Mildred should be of age.

(To be concluded)

Love is That Way

(Continued from page 543)

still in the same mood. After a cup of coffee and a roll, she was wondering how she could pass the day, when another telegram came, which produced a different effect. It was from a hospital, and begged Mrs. Moore to come there. Her husband had met with an accident while crossing a street. An automobile had knocked him down.

Ellen almost lost consciousness. Was she going to find him dead, the husband to whom she had spoken in that dreadful way the day before, and whose wishes she had defied? The husband whom she loved! Oh, yes, whom she dearly loved. Was God punishing her?

Agonizing thoughts possessed her as the taxi swiftly bore her to the hospital. John—was he dead without the rites of his church? Oh, if she could go back to the time of their mar-

riage, she would not neglect her church as she had done. How had it come about that John and she had forgotten their religious training? Oh, she knew, she knew, it was through the company they had kept.

"But it is all my fault, John would have gone, if I had gone. It is all my fault. Oh, poor John! Oh, God, help me! Have mercy on us!"

And God had mercy. When Ellen arrived at the hospital, a Sister met her. John's injuries were not fatal. At first the doctors had feared, and he had been given Extreme Unction. Now they knew that it was only an affair of time and care. At that moment he was sleeping.

When John awoke, Ellen was kneeling at his side, and holding his hand.

"Oh, Ellen, God is good. He did not take me in the midst of my sins. His hand is in this accident to change my thoughts and give me time for reflection. We have both neglected Him. That is why we have been so unhappy, he said feebly, and smiling into her eyes.

Ellen kissed his bandaged face. "It was all my fault, dear John. We'll do so differently after this. God is good to spare you to me."

With another smile at her, John closed his eyes and slept. There was a rosary on a table near the bed. Ellen took it up, and began her prayers with a full heart.

The man who is burdened with the responsibilities of life leaves the Holy Table feeling lighter and younger—provided he has done his best to receive Christ fervently.

Wishes

KATHERYN ULLMIEN

I'd like to have been Veronica
Or the woman at the well;
I'd like, as Mary and Martha,
To have holy stories to tell.
I'd like to have been the Magdalen
That my tears could be a prayer,
That I could have washed Your feet with them
And have dried them with my hair.
But I'd rather have been the Virgin,
Who was kindly Joseph's wife.
It would have been lovely to know You,
But splendid to give you life.

A Special Apostolic Blessing

At the solicitation of the Right Reverend Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, who resides at Rome, the Holy Father most graciously grants A SPECIAL APOSTOLIC BLESSING to all the *Benefactors* and *Patrons* who help us to erect a new Minor Seminary at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Do Something Worthwhile

Would it be possible for you to build one of the parts listed below? Build it for the use of God's future Priests who will study in St. Meinrad Seminary.

In Basement of New Minor Seminary:

Locker Room	\$3,600.
Recreation Room	6,500.
Two Music Rooms, each	500.
One Music Room	600.
Assembly Room	14,000.
Band Instrument Room	1,800.

On First Floor:

Four Class Rooms, each	\$4,000.
Corridor	8,000.
Refectory	20,000.
Kitchen	18,000.

On Second Floor:

Class Room	\$3,500.
Two Class Rooms, each	2,800.
Faculty Room	1,600.
File Room	300.
Rector's Office	1,500.
Corridor	6,000.

Corridor	7,000.
Two Study Halls, each ..	7,500.
Reading Room	5,600.
Stack Room	2,500.
CHAPEL	30,000.
SANCTUARY	4,000.
Sacristy	500.

On Third Floor:

Lavatory Room	\$6,500.
Director's Room	700.
Corridor	6,000.
Corridor	5,000.
Dormitory	10,000.
Dormitory	12,000.

On Fourth Floor:

Lavatory	\$5,000.
Corridor	4,500.
Corridor	4,000.
Dormitory	9,000.
Dormitory	6,000.
Dormitory	12,000.

The Donor may help us to name the room he contributes, or to select a Patron Saint for it.

Send all contributions to

The Right Reverend Ignatius Esser, O. S. B.

St. Meinrad Abbey

St. Meinrad, Indiana



His Holiness Pope Pius XI

Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY

(Continued)

TO illustrate the second method by which we make ourselves conscious of the presence of God—by faith alone, that is without using the imagination—I shall use papers written in reaction to leaflets (printed by The Magnificat Press, Manchester, New Hampshire, and given each day the class meets. The various uses to which these are put are described and illustrated in "Mechanical Helps to the Realization of the Presence of God," *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, February, March, and April, 1928). Students are encouraged to feel that God sees all we do. As air surrounds the bird, as water encompasses the fish, as the atom is immersed in the sunbeam, so God is all about it. In the words of St. Augustine:

As nothing can escape God's sight, for He beholds all we do and hears everything that we say, all is marked, all is taken down, all is written in the book of His judgments, in order to assign when the time comes the reward which our works have merited, or the chastisements which they have deserved.

I CAN'T PICTURE THE FACE OF CHRIST

For some reason I am unable to pierce the veil that hides the face of Christ from me. I cannot fill with features the blank where His face should be when I try to picture Him.

The loving invitation of the Master encourages me to persevere in the attempt to visualize Him in order to become more conscious of Him. But all I can conceive are the outstretched arms symbolizing the invitation, the flowing robes, the graceful poise of the body.

During the Elevation of the Host I try to become more conscious physically of "My Lord and my God." I ask St. Francis of Assisi to help me get closer to Christ. But the closest I have ever been is my physical presence at the foot of the altar when serving Mass.

My favorite representation of Christ is a life-size statue of Him leaning down from the Cross with His right hand to draw St. Francis closer. I have burned many vigil lights before that group and have drawn inspiration from it.

I often think that if I could really see the expression of His eyes I could feel the pleading "Won't you give up the weaknesses that are eating at your moral fiber?" and never forget it. I pray constantly that something will make me never forget, remembering St. Monica's seventeen years' prayer that God's will be done. That, I am sure, will be for the best.

We also strive to see God in all His crea-

tures. "Man and nature are a revelation of the Infinite." As Father Garesche so well shows (*Mirrors of God*), creation reflects God's attributes to the eyes of faith, which progress from a tangible knowledge of the created to a love of the Creator. St. Augustine bids us "Love Him Who is the first cause of so many beautiful creatures."

God wants not change of our state but change of purpose, purity of intention in the varied duties of life. . . . My God, I see Thee in all around. I serve Thee with joy. Thou art everywhere.—Mother Mary of the Little Company of Mary, *God's Human Family*, p. 37.

In the *Seventh Religious Survey* (Notre Dame, February, 1928) a student suggests in

Christ With Me

Christ before me, Christ behind,
Christ alone my heart to bind;
Christ beneath me, Christ above,
Christ around with Arms of love;
Christ on all who look on me,
Christ on every face I see;
Christ on all who on me think,
Christ their food, and Christ their drink;
Christ on all whom my thoughts seek,
Christ the lowly, Christ the meek;
Christ in chariot, fort and ship,
Christ to hold when anchors slip;
Christ on all who list to me,
May their ears hear nought but Thee.

answer to the question, What means would you suggest for increasing the number of daily communicants? that they be encouraged to walk around the lakes on the campus. "That does me more good than fifteen sermons."

In the editorials for January, 1928, Father Gillis of the *Catholic World* discusses Thoreau and his relation to nature with the suggestion that had he only been Catholic we might have another close follower of St. Francis. Thoreau looked upon nature as a mystical revelation of God. "My profession is to be always on the alert to find God in nature." This was not pantheism or a dilution of the half Christian Wordsworthian pantheism. It was similar to Shakespeare's seeing tongues in the trees, sermons in stones, and books in running brooks.

From their Missals (St. Andrew's) students learn that the ember days were intended to consecrate to God the various seasons in nature. In the life of St. Ignatius they read that so close was his union with God that the sight of a flower would draw from him acts of Divine love and praise. His union with Christ, like that of the zealous St. Bernard, not only influenced his work extraordinarily but spurred him to more fruitful activity. On page 67 of *Victims of Love*, recommended most urgently in connection with this whole matter, we read:

After the night of sorrow comes peace. It is not merely a restful sense of well-being, nor a cessation of struggle, leaving the mind inert and powerless to act. It is a sense of serene refreshment, of measureless calm, so deep, so pure, that naught can ever disturb it.

Like awakening to dawn after a night's fitful sleep, the air is cool and bracing; mist lends a strange beauty to the sur-

rounding country.... The atmosphere is informed with the living presence of God. Everything unites to praise Him.

Psalms 148 and 64 and 65 (used in the Introit of the Mass for the Second Sunday after the Epiphany) amplify this last idea. Further, the Missal explains that green, the color used for that part of the liturgical year following the Epiphany as well as that following Whitsunday, not only symbolized hope but predominates in all nature. Following St. Paul's idea that he who ploughs the furrow should do so in the hope of reaping fruits, during the time after the

Epiphany the field of the Church, sown by the doctrine and the works of Jesus, is clothed with green vegetation giving promise of a rich harvest.

All this stimulus produces varied but promising results, as the next selection of papers reveals.

In order that the value of anything may be appreciated, we must reflect on the individual who is responsible for its presence; the character of the Creator is usually seen in the work. God, whom we all acknowledge as source of all, gives us a good example of his Divine Authority over human beings when he

allows the trees to lose their beautiful leaves, the forests to be deserted by the birds that had been living there during the summer, and the snow to conceal the ground. I have been impressed more by these marvelous changes than by anything else at Notre Dame.

My conception of these changes reminds me of the miracles which occurred when Christ was on earth. No doubt I would meet with some opposition if I would compare these transformations to a miracle. Perhaps it could be proved that they were not miracles but that God has the same intention in allowing these changes as He had when He performed miracles. If our

Dilectus Meus Mihi

I cannot see the deep blue skies
But I must ponder on Thine eyes;

I cannot see a burning rose
But in its heart Thine image glows;

I cannot hear a mellow song
But for Thy voice my soul doth long;

When from her couch the day doth rise
Thou art the rapture in her eyes;

Thou art the beauty of the night:
It is with Thee the stars are bright.

Thou art the year's rich melody:
Its music but revolves round Thee.

Thou, the Beloved of my vows,
Thou art my Brother, Sister, Spouse.

Thou art of Life the very breath;
Thou art the ecstasy of Death!

faith were stronger, we would take more interest in the beauty of nature and love it because by doing so we pay respect to God. We may see Him in everything about us. He is our delight.

Everybody may learn by observing the changes in nature. The individual must take into consideration that he may be changed in body when God sees fit, for Our Lord has the same power over us as He has over anything else. He may remove our beauty, our health, our wealth, our knowledge, our happiness, our families, and even our life. We must bear in mind that every action is done through the power of God.

Sometimes it is difficult to realize why God does not permit pleasant weather, beautiful scenery, and happiness all of the time. The chief reason that He deprives us of these joys is that He wants us to know that we are not made for this world but for the world to come. All our pleasures will be incomplete until we reach our first reward; but on earth we may enjoy the manifestations of God all about us. Although He afflicts us with some of these trials in order to give us an opportunity for penance, He has a reason for all His actions and everything He does is for the good of the human race.

In connection with the Gospel for the Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany (Matt. 8:23-27) the missal points out to students the fact that Jesus manifested His divinity by commanding such powerful and ungovernable forces in nature as the fury of the sea and the violence of the wind. A student amplifies the idea thus:

Interest in the Indian a Phase of Catholic Action

BURTON CONFREY

THOSE familiar with the *Catholic Mind* have read its issue devoted to the *Indian Missions Past and Present* (Volume XXVII, No. 18, September 22, 1929,) which treated attractively various phases of the relation of the Church to the Indian—trials and glories of the past, the zealous work of such an organization as the Marquette League of the present, and the problems of the future. The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington has endorsed the work of the Marquette League as follows:

"Oh wind,
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"

Shelley's musical lines envelop me in a pacid mood. The rhythm and melody conjure to impress an enduring picture arising from the words.

The vision of Christ sleeping in the storm-tossed boat stands before me. His followers, fearful men, are blindly concerned with their own safety as the waves threaten to overwhelm the frail craft. Their God calms the sea with a word; He chides them for their lack of faith.

Through all the wintry storms of life we have His help. His grace is our calming force. Spring follows the winter; so will a calm follow our trying, stormy periods.

Similar ideas another student expresses in poetry under the title: "God's Gift to Whole Mankind."

Who can gaze upon a tree, greenest green or bare,
With seasons fickle (constant as is God)
And not see God's divinest touch left there
In each rough limb, in each leaf's gentle nod,
In all the bark, or roots that part the clod?

Who can hear a leafy symphony sublime
Attuned by God's own breath of Eastern wind
And not find joy and peace with thoughts from grime
And filth upraised and earth left far behind?
The stately tree He gave to whole mankind.

But some pass by this banal rarity
And see not beauty in this everyday affair.
In like, the hymns boys' chancel choirs oft sing,
Which grate the ear attuned to music rare,
To ears Divine is mortal's sweetest prayer.

(To be continued)

During a quarter of a century, by the charitable donations of its members, totaling a million dollars, by the sympathetic interest of its Board of Directors, including personal visitations of the missions and valuable information furnished Congress, by the devoted service of the lay workers in the New York office, and by the zeal of its especially well-informed priestly leaders, the Marquette League has rendered a service to American missions which only the missionary priests and Sisters can adequately describe.

Readers of THE GRAIL have followed Benedictine efforts among the Indians, who claim attention both as citizens and as Catholics, in the special section of the magazine which has long recorded the more intimate details of a stimulating apostolate. Because of this general knowledge on the part of our readers, in this article we shall consider our treatment of the Indian in the light of God's commandment that he who loves Him shall love his brother, with due regard for those social forms which divide one class from another, the result of due order, for wisdom and order govern charity as they do every other virtue.

The history of slavery reveals that it was not until after the Protestant Revolt of the sixteenth century that the enslavement of human beings as an institution spread as widely as it had during the Roman Empire. That history records, too, the fact that the Catholic Church has been the most potent factor in the abolition of the evil. Although the Gospel taught slaves to be obedient to their masters and rendered suffering meritorious, the object of such teachings was not to encourage slavery. In the Church, all are equal. "This commandment we have from God, that he who loves God shall love his brother." Christianity dignified labor and taught universal charity for all, without distinction—we were to be one flock under the one Shepherd. In the Church, the marriage of the slave was a holy and inviolable sacrament, in striking contrast to Roman law, which lent no protection to the slave's honor and denied him lawful marriage and parenthood. We recall the religious Orders, particularly the Trinitarians and the Order of Mercy, established for the primary purpose of redeeming captives and slaves.

Usually slavery is associated with thought of the black race; but the Romans enslaved Greeks and made them teach them to read and write. In the early centuries, all conquering nations placed their new dependents in bondage—witness the Hebrews under the Egyptians and again under the Assyrians. The Spartans, like the Phoenicians, were cruel masters to the conquered, permitting boys to flog slaves to death in order to harden them against any pity toward subjugated peoples. Saints Pius I and Callistus I, who later became Popes, were slaves

in their earlier lives. In facing such a problem the Church knew that the surest way of overcoming the evil was the practice of all the Christian virtues; and we have many examples of faithful slaves effecting the conversion of their masters and mistresses.

With no assurance that the Church's condemnation of slavery would have obliterated it had she fought it (in the days of Constantine, for example), we have reason to believe that her open espousal of the cause would have but aggravated the evil. In the fifteenth century, however, we find Pope Pius II denouncing it as a great crime; while Popes Paul III, Urban VIII, and Benedict XIV forbade the enslavement of Indians. Twenty years before Pope Paul's denunciation, Las Casas had suggested the substitution of black slaves for Indians in American mines because the Indians were less fit physically; but his suggestion was an attempt to remedy an ugly condition, for he was the most passionate anti-slavery agitator of his day. That he introduced negro slavery into America is not true; we find them imported for work in the mines of the Antilles twelve years earlier. The Congress of Vienna heard Pius VII's demands that the slave trade be suppressed; Gregory XVI condemned it; and Pius IX referred to it as "supreme villainy." In 1888 Pope Leo XIII urged the Bishops of Brazil to root out the remnants of "the accursed pest of servitude"; and in his encyclical against the slave trade two years later, he ordered an annual collection to further anti-slave work.

Except in Dr. Peter Guilday's *Life and Times of John Carroll*, we find little recognition of the bravery and effective work of the Catholic Indians of Maine during the American Revolution. In poring over the *Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1777-78*, for another purpose, I came across interesting bits of history relative to the help these tribes (the territory was then a part of Massachusetts) rendered Washington and the Continental Army. For instance, we find that on September 16, 1777, the Massachusetts Provincial Legislature passed a resolution appointing Colonel John Allen "to command the Indians in the Eastern parts of the state . . . to take into the service and pay of this state such and so many of the Eastern Indians as he shall be able

to procure." For their assistance (in guarding towns along the coast principally) they received the same pay and means of subsistence as the Continental Army. The base of supplies at Machias (Maine) was to give them with "500 bushels of Indian Corn, 30 barrels flour, 15 firkins hogs lard, 20 barrels pork, 3 hogsheads molasses, 2 ditto rum, 3 pipes small wines, 20 barrels cyder, 6 pieces white blankets, 30 pieces blue stroudes, 2 pieces fine blue drab, 2 dozen fine scarlet do, 7 dozen midling shirts, 3 dozen fine ruffle shirts, 2 boxes small pipes with nubs at the heels, a quantity of wampum, 500 dozen powder, fifteen hundredweight of shot and musquet balls, 100 wt. thread, 6 bags vermilion, 50 guns, and 100 small hatchets round heads."

With this order the Legislature commanded a letter sent (Boston, September 16, 1777) "to the Indian Chief Orono thanking him and them for their gallant behaviour and friendly aid at Machias in the late attack there and to congratulate them on account of the success of their and our army in that quarter." An additional order directed that "nine blank commissions be sent to John Allen, Esq., for three Indian captains and six Indian interpreters to be by them filled up and given to such as he shall think proper, that shall enter into the service of this state."

Yet another phase of Indian history connected with Americans and Catholics relates to the holiest place in the United States, the shrine of our first North American saints, Indian martyrs, at Auriesville, New York. All Catholic magazines and newspapers carried stories of these heroic saints, Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil, and John Lalonde, at the time of their canonization in 1925. The Reverend F. X. Talbot, S. J., treated the subject attractively in the *Annals of the Tabernacle Society*, January, 1926. The *Catholic Mind* reprinted the essay in the issue mentioned at the opening of this article.

From our survey of diverse instances in which we give our attention to the Indians as citizens and as Catholics, with reference to that issue of the *Catholic Mind* which contains not only the articles we have mentioned but in addition "The Church and the Indians" and "Shall We Send Our Indians to the Cities," we feel that we need not amplify the thought that interest in the Indian is a phase of Catholic

Action, for which Pope Pius XI had pleaded so effectively.

The saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," applies to hasty communicants who neglect the proper thanksgiving after Communion.

Why the Catholic Press

(Continued from page 533)

"In supporting the Catholic press you are helping to defend the faith, to maintain Catholic rights, and to stem the tide of materialism and infidelity."

Easter Bells

L. MITCHELL THORNTON

Oh, ringing bells, across the dells
Where fragrant lilies bloom,
Triumphant bells, your music tells
Of hope that lights the gloom;
And faith can smile, content, the while
Insistent, onward swells
The glad refrain, the blessed strain
Of joyous Easter bells.

Oh, ringing bells, your cadence swells
Upon the springtime air,
Exultant bells, wherever dwells
A heart that bows in prayer.
There's promise gay for earth to-day,
There's bloom of asphodels,
The while they ring and comfort bring,
The joyous Easter bells.

The Statue in the Tuileries

STEPHEN WHITE

Eyes, do not fail me now in this far place,
I would remember Prometheus and the fountains,
The lineaments of that star-hungering face,
And straining body lashed to the marble mountains.
And how the fountains trembled when it seemed
That I was stone and he the living art,
Or we were living both, the stone redeemed
By the rebellion of the unquiet heart.

How, troubled and ill of thinking, I spoke thus:
"Small merit have I. But one thinks me true
To the antics, even, of heroes. Prometheus,
Say, can I match her gentle valor? You
Are silent, as I should be, for I try
Myself with questions and cannot reply."

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—Professor George Sperti, director of the Laboratory at the University of Cincinnati, has been accredited with a valuable discovery in the field of irradiation, whereby all food products can be treated in such a way as to increase their energy value and preserve them without refrigeration. The professor is only twenty-eight years old and all of those in the group that aided him in his research are under thirty. Sperti is a Catholic.

—Midshipman Horatio Rivero, a native of Porto Rico, a Catholic of the parochial school, surpassed in his examination at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, the previously rated "number one," Thos. D. Fyra, of Minneapolis, Minn. It was decided to rate Midshipman Rivero "Number one-half."

—The Diocese of Oklahoma City now has two Cathedrals by permit from Rome, one being the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help at Oklahoma City,—the other that of the Holy Family at Tulsa. Hereafter the diocese will be known as the Diocese of Oklahoma City-Tulsa.

—A religious bulletin of the University of Notre Dame states that there are a number of Protestant students at the University who attend Mass every Sunday, some who attend every day, some who say the rosary daily and visit the Grotto frequently.

—Eleven lepers, making a total of eighty-nine to date, have been released from the National Leprosarium at Carville, La., by Surgeon-General Cumming of the Public Health Service. The hospital has been in the charge of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul for thirty-five years. Ten years ago it was taken over by the Federal Government but is still in the management of the Sisters. It is the only institution of its kind in this country.

—Vocations! In sunny Italy, there is a small village of about 4000 souls. It is the village of Lu, with the boast that from its population there have been 500 vocations. In 1870, eight or ten mothers began to meet monthly to beg God to grant them many good priests. Up to 1883 Lu had no resident priest, but the good work continued. When a permanent pastor was appointed, frequent and daily Communion was practiced, more mothers joined the band, and now there are forty or more Communion daily,—70,000 a year. Vocations thrive in such soil!

—Cherranpoonje, near Shillong, India, where the annual rainfall is thirty-five feet, is threatened with the loss of its record as the wettest place in the world. Owing to a prolonged dry spell, last year's rainfall up to November 24 was but thirty-feet and two inches, which is fifty-eight inches below normal. The average rainfall for New York City is forty-three inches, and that of London twenty-five and four-tenths inches.

—During 1930, doctors pronounced as "absolutely impossible to science," twelve cures wrought at the

Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. The number of doctors who pronounced on these miracles is 998. Of these 489 were French, 103 Belgian, 79 Italian, 47 Spanish, 89 North American, 22 Dutch, 20 Swiss, and the rest Swedish, Danish, Polish, etc. The twelve miraculous cures were singled out of ninety-two reputed cures presented for examination.

—*The Miraculous Medal* magazine is conducting a Short Story Contest for pupils of all High Schools and Academies of High School grade. Fourteen prizes in cash, ranging from \$100 for the best story submitted to eleven prizes of \$25 each, are being offered, and as an additional incentive to young writers, \$25 will be paid for any stories that the editors think well to print, even though the writers were not successful in winning a prize in the Contest. The Contest opened March 1 and will close June 1. *The Miraculous Medal Magazine* is published at 100 East Price Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Missions

—The Catholic Mission Exhibit of the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition will be held in Paris in May. America will be represented in this Catholic exhibit. Father Marquette and his fellow missionaries of the Mississippi Valley will be duly honored. There are 2286 Catholic missionaries in Africa and of this number France contributed more than a third, or 940. Some of them will come to Paris to take charge of the missionary exhibits at the Exposition.

—Brother Joseph Prince, first Eskimo to join the Society of Jesus, died at the age of twenty-one at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. He pronounced his vows upon his deathbed.

—The United States and Canada sent out 260 missionaries during 1930. From the United States 142 priests, brothers, and sisters were sent representing twenty-seven Orders or Congregations. From Canada 118 were sent representing twenty-two Congregations. China, Japan, Africa, Alaska, India, Central and South America, the Pacific Islands, Indo-China, Syria and the Canadian Northwest were the fields assigned.

Benedictine

—The Right Reverend Boniface Wimmer, O. S. B., founder and first Archabbot of St. Vincent's Archabbey at Latrobe, Pa., is to be honored by the erection of a bronze statue weighing 3800 pounds. The statue, which will stand 11½ feet in height, will be placed directly in front of the Archabbey church. It is the work of the Viennese sculptor Seebroek.

—The Benedictines at Peiping University have published a Chinese translation of the Roman Missal and Breviary for the Chinese people. A translation was made by a Jesuit father in 1670 but it is not known to have been published.

—Among the members of St. Vincent's Archabbey,

at Latrobe, there are thirteen living who have been professed as Religious more than fifty years. Of the thirteen, ten are actively engaged in regular duties in the Archabbey or in parishes attended by it. The average age of these patriarchs is 76. Two other golden jubilarians recently died at the Archabbey.

—Our own Abbey at St. Meinrad numbers among its members twenty-two past the age of seventy—eleven of whom are golden jubilarians, and whose average age is 77. Thirty-seven members of our monastic family have passed the age of sixty.

—When the Benedictine Sisters arrived in Peiping (Peking) last fall, they were met and welcomed by a number of prominent American and Chinese men and women. They were escorted to their new (temporary) quarters—the former residence of the Apostolic Delegate. This they found decorated with lattice work and flowers, setting off the "Welcome Sisters" above the gate. The house is not small. One of the Sisters writes: "I'm sure there must be at least sixty rooms and about twenty courtyards—and about a million doors." A beautiful chapel has been furnished near the gate with pure white walls and a green and gold altar. The house is furnished with electric light and telephone but not with running water or heat. The Sisters are having a little difficulty in adapting themselves to Chinese foods and customs. Especially strange is the custom prevalent there among women of standing, and of doing none of the housework. Behind closed doors the Sisters risk it at times, but they fear they may lose their prestige (or "lose face," the Chinese say) if they are found out. The Sisters write: "Gregorian Chant is very popular with the Chinese. It is all we hear at the University, at Pei Tang, and at St. Michael's Church." It is sung so loud, say they, especially by the children, that the Lord has no choice between hearing and not hearing them.

—In the foreword to the 100th number of *Pax*, a monthly review published by the Caldey Benedictines at Prinknash, Gloucester, the editor, Dom Benedict Steuart, O. S. B., gives a brief retrospect of what the *Pax* has recounted since its inception as a quarterly in 1904. "Three events," he says, "stand out in special relief. First the move of the Community from Pains-thorpe to Caldey in 1906, secondly, the spiritual 'move' of the Community into the full unity of the Catholic Church in 1913, thirdly, the move from Caldey to our present home at Prinknash." Happy paper to report such events, and worthy of the name *Pax*!

—The originator of the "Two Minutes' Silence" commemorating Armistice Day, Sir James FitzPatrick, was educated by the Benedictines of Downside, England. His death has been announced from Cape Town, Africa.

—The Holy Father has confirmed the election of the Reverend Hartmann Strohsacker, S. T. D., as Abbot of the Austrian Benedictine Abbey of Goettweig. This ancient foundation, which was made by the Canons Regular of St. Augustine in 1083, passed over to the Benedictines in 1094. The new Abbot is a man of science who has become widely known by his work as professor

of St. Anselm's, the International Benedictine College at Rome.

—The resignation of the Right Reverend Cyprian Bradley, O. S. B., of Holy Cross Abbey, Canon City, Colorado, from his burdensome office was a surprise to the public. Ill health, aggravated by the difficulties confronting him, prompted his action. He is now resting in the hope of regaining his health. The Abbey will be under the administration of the Very Reverend Leonard Schlimm, O. S. B., of St. Paul's Priory, Chicago, for one year. Abbot Cyprian, who is the first Abbot to be elected for Holy Cross Abbey, received the Solemn Abbatial Blessing on April 7, 1926. He will not resume his office though the Abbatial dignity will always be his. He hopes to be able in a year's time to conduct missions, retreats, and other functions.

Eucharistic Thoughts

V. D.

Daily communicants are not the people to run to the divorce courts.

The diseases of a sick world are cured by united recourse to the Divine Healer.

The Eucharist is a heavenly gift from God to man; by accepting It gratefully we can only make ourselves the richer.

Parents are responsible for their children's attendance at Holy Mass on Sundays and Holy Days.

Do not receive Holy Communion because you want your neighbor to talk about your piety.

Do all things with counsel: before undertaking anything of consequence, receive Holy Communion and lay your plans before the Eucharistic Christ.

If we would have our names written in the Book of Life, we must grow up nourished by the Food of Life—the Blessed Sacrament.

Always consider your Holy Communions as the most important rungs in your ladder of success.

God asks this preparedness of you: Thou shalt strive always so to live that thou mayest be ready to receive Me at any time.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

TO KWEERY KORNER READERS:—

Happy Easter to all! Your editor has spent Lent in Toronto, Canada, and Newark, New Jersey. The faith and piety of the people during the holy season of penance was a splendid spectacle and surely most pleasing to Our Divine Savior. That all of you may enjoy to the fullest the consolations of that same Newly-Risen Lord is the Easter greeting of,

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Who and what was St. Veronica?—New York, N. Y.

It has ever been a pious tradition in our holy church that whilst Our Divine Savior was making His sad journey to Calvary, a woman of the city, moved by compassion over His plight as He carried His cross, rushed through the mob surrounding Our blessed Redeemer and with her veil wiped the grime, perspiration, and blood from His sacred countenance. In reward for her gracious action Our Lord impressed upon her veil the likeness of His face. The name Veronica was given to this lady, since the very word is a combination word taken from the Latin and Greek languages and means "true image." Her noble action is immortalized in the sixth station of the Way of the Cross.

Can a Catholic woman belong to the Pythian Sisters' Lodge?—Detroit, Mich.

No. Since this organization, to the best of the editor's knowledge, is the ladies' auxiliary to the Knights of Pythias, and, since the Knights of Pythias are under the ban of the Church, therefore a Catholic lady may not be a member. Permit me to suggest that you become a member, and an active one, of your parish Altar Society or be a worthy member of some good Catholic organization for women in your own home parish.

Are the following Catholic names: Beverly, Wayne, Maurice, Leroy, and Constance?—Minneapolis, Minn.

I presume you mean to ask whether the above are the names of Saints. The first two are not; but the other three are the names of Saints. Maurice and Constance are here found in their proper form, whilst Leroy is a variant form of Reginald.

What was the name of the good thief and is he considered a Saint? May I pray to him?—Detroit, Mich.

This question reminds your editor of this column of a rather amusing statement made by an estimable old Irish Catholic lady on one occasion. She said: "Sure, I always pray to the good thief; I know he is a saint because the Lord said he would go to Heaven with Him. And then I like to go to him for help because he is not so busy as the other saints, because few pray to him.

And he always gives me what I want." The good thief is known as Saint Dismas and his feast is commemorated in the Roman martyrology on Mar. 25th. It is quite proper to pray to him and he is really invoked by many good Christians, especially in the case of seeking the conversion of obstinate sinners.

Is it a sin for a girl fourteen years old to read love story magazines and other romance stories as are found in the Ladies' Home Journal, etc.?—Chicago, Ill.

A girl your age would do well to leave love story magazines strictly alone. There are plenty of very well written and highly interesting love stories for Catholic girls in Catholic magazines and books and surely in a city the size of Chicago they should be easy to obtain. Ask your confessor about this and follow his directions in the matter of what to read.

Does the Church ever permit any of her clergy to perform a marriage for a couple without the couple having a marriage license from the civil authorities? Could such a marriage be performed where conscience is involved to legitimize the offspring?—Columbus, Ind.

Your question is of such a nature that the editor feels it unwise to render an answer in this column. Kindly take your case to your own pastor, who will be glad to explain the matter for you; or, if you hesitate to give him your case, then propose it to a local confessor.

If a girl wishes to be a sister but has only gone as far as the eighth grade in her schooling, and has no money to give, what do you advise her to do?—Cleveland, Ohio.

The advice of the editor of this column is that you should take your problem to some helpful, sympathetic confessor, or to the Mother Superior of the community you would wish to enter. Your case is by no means impossible and the fact that you are, as you state, much concerned about your vocation, does you credit. One should be very much concerned about the matter of vocation and you will easily find priests and sisters willing to aid you in the affair. The editor is acquainted with several priests and religious in your city who would be only too glad to come to your help.

Is the story of Simon of Cyrene and his helping Christ to carry His cross a Biblical or a traditional story?—Harrison, N. J.

The story is a Biblical one. It is recorded by the first three evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke. St. Mark tells us that Simon of Cyrene was the father of Rufus and Alexander, both of whom were Bishops in the early church. This story is found in the fifteenth chapter of St. Mark's Holy Gospel.

Is it permitted on days of abstinence to use meat drippings to season and flavor beans or other foods?—Columbus, Ind.

The drippings of meat, or shortenings, as they are called, may be used as a lard substitute, according to the privilege granted by the Holy See to the United States.

NOTE:—In answer to the question concerning the mixed marriage, as proposed by the questioner from Minneapolis, Minn., the editor advises you to make a very careful reading of the late Encyclical issued by the Roman Pontiff and then to take the case to your own Pastor.



Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON



OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

THE INDIAN SITUATION

As each new administration comes in, great promises are made for this or that reform, for measures which will insure the progress of our great country, and bring prosperity to its individual members. So also, are promises made to look into the Indian situation, but it seems the promises all vanish into thin air, and nothing comes of them. Professor Robert Gessner of New York University, has personally looked into the Indian situation and written a book about it. He tells the truth in unflattering terms. He says, among other things, that the men who have been appointed under this administration are Quakers and known humanitarians, yet they have become mere puppets under the jurisdiction of officers higher up, who remain from a former regime.

The Indians are supposed to have \$30,000,000 in a trust fund which was paid for lands taken away from

them. This money they cannot touch; it is used for the building of roads and bridges through their land, but in reality, it is for the benefit of white tourists, and is used for irrigation schemes from which white men benefit. Professor Gessner states that at this rate the Indians will, as a race, be penniless by 1951. Even the Osages, on whose land oil was discovered, and who are reputed to be rich, cannot touch their money without the O. K. of the Government. Their incomes have dwindled from \$13,200 a year to \$1540 a year, and is steadily growing less. The Sioux Indians, for whom our Benedictine missions are caring, are absolutely poor. Their land is about the most unprofitable in the U. S. The Professor writes that these Indians often face starvation, and even eat horse meat from the dumps. Our own missionaries know these conditions, and acknowledge that they do not know how these poor Indians live during the winter. The Indian death rate, the book states, is three times as great as that of the whites.

Our missionaries, seeing all this mismanagement and misappropriation, have hastened to do all in their power to alleviate the Indians' miserable condition. Since they cannot find employment for their great number of unemployed Indians, they have done the next best thing—taken the children in and given them proper food and clothing and warm housing, things which they would not receive at the hands of their poverty-stricken parents. Because of the poor shacks and tents in which the parents are housed, and the insufficient food, children are not permitted to go to their homes during the Christmas vacation, as past experience has taught the missionaries that some of them never return, while others bring back every kind of sickness.

To offset the tuberculous inheritance many of them receive, the missionaries are trying to build up herds of cows to provide plenty milk, butter, and cheese for these little children, so that after having gone to school until the eighth grade, they may have built up a resistance against disease, which will stand them in good stead when they return to their poor homes. The work these priests and Sisters are doing is a wonderful thing; they are trying to do single-handed what it would take even the Government, with sufficient money at its command, years to accomplish. But since those in the pay of the Government seem to do nothing to remedy the deplorable situation, it remains for us, having Christ's charity in our hearts, to assist the missionaries in bringing about a change for the better among these poor, neglected people.

Let us constantly have the missions in mind; let us do like one kind woman, who never lets a month pass without doing something for the missions. "I always have the missions in mind when I discard old clothing," she says. "Shirts that my husband no longer wants, which are still good, underwear, socks, his old suit and shoes, hats, ties, etc. Also, I give my clothes closet a



PAPOOSE—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

going-over every now and then, and I am always sure to find something I no longer use. If anything has a hole in it, I sit down and patch it, put on buttons where needed, fold it and put it in the clothing box. I have three boxes in my attic: One is for old clothing, one for tin foil and one for prayer books, rosaries, medals, and holy pictures which I beg off my friends and relatives. They know me already, and bring me discarded things without my asking for them. Sometimes they give me money to send for their intentions. As soon as a box is full, I send it off—and this is pretty often. You would be surprised to see how quickly they fill up if you have your mind on the missions. My friends give me other odds and ends too—embroidery floss, lace, pieces of silk and gingham, beads, jewelry, etc. And do you know," she confided with glowing eyes, "each time I send off a bundle, I receive some kind of blessing—good luck in some form or other. I've never known it to fail!"

Dear friends, let us, like this good woman, be "mission-minded"; let us give and give and give to the mission cause, because it is such a worthy charity—one could be poorer or more needy than these poor Indian people. And another reason—because our Lord blesses visibly everyone who helps His poor—one feels His nearness, His tender gratitude for every little thing done for the poor—for everything done for our neighbor is done to Him!

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Thirteen years ago, what is now Marty, South Dakota, was but a tiny chapel and a little Indian house, in which the catechist lived. The catechist's name was Ely Brockway. He kept in touch with the people during the missionary's absence and notified him of the number of people who were sick, so that they could be taken care of on the missionary's return. In this way he helped many a soul to get to heaven.

After all these years of helping the missionary, teaching catechism and visiting the sick, his own call came. On Jan. 6 a sick call came in the night, by telephone, from a neighbor's house, saying old Ely was ill of pneumonia. Father Sylvester went over to the White Swan Hills at once and found Ely pretty bad. He administered the Last Sacraments, and not long after, the poor fellow went to meet His Maker. Surely his was a great reward, after having done faithful work for so many years!

St. Paul's has a Benedictine Brother now—Brother Meinrad, to help care for the boys. He is also an expert dairyman, having learned in Switzerland how to take care of dairy cows, and to keep the milk house and utensils in a clean, sanitary condition. With his Indian boys, he goes over early each morning to the dairy barn, milks the twenty-eight cows, and brings the milk back to the school at six-thirty. Thus, the Indian children get plenty of good, clean milk to drink every day, and nowhere is it more needed than here, where often the children are tuberculous. There is nothing like milk to build up undernourished bodies and promote robust health. Between ninety and one hundred gallons

are consumed by the 280 children of St. Paul's Mission every day. Brother Meinrad is giving the Indian boys a thorough course in dairying, which will be a valuable asset for them some day.

A LETTER FROM ST. PAUL'S

Dear Clare Hampton,

We all love the mission school here at Marty. It is a fine school, and all the children like the place and everybody in it. I work in the laundry in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. In the laundry we girls help to wash and iron the clothes. We have two washing machines. We have nearly 280 children here. There is a sewing room, dining room, class rooms, kitchen, and we work in different parts of the building. I am from North Dakota. There are nine of us in the family. My brother and I are here at school. My parents are living, but one of my brothers died when he was young. Three of my sisters are married, and one of my brothers. Well, guess I will say good-bye for this time. With best wishes,

Your friend,

CLEMENCE WILKIE.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

We hear from Stephan that Father Pius Boehm has been very ill—so ill, in fact, that he all but died. But our Lord spared his life, and after three weeks at the hospital in Pierre, he is back again at the Mission. Not able to do much—he is not even permitted to say Mass, and is supposed to keep himself very quiet. But even with all his sickness, he is always jovial. He writes: "The doctor says my heart is lame in the left leg and of course, very dangerous. After spending three weeks in the hospital at Pierre, I became so homesick they had to send me back to the Mission. To-day is my birthday and I am 79 years old. How long my confinement is to last I do not know. People tell me I look well and the doctors say I am improving, but I am afraid they tell me this not to alarm me. You cannot do much when your heart is misbehaving. Well, we are all in God's hands and His holy will be done. The Coadjutor Abbot of St. Meinrad came out last Saturday to visit me and left Monday. Please pray for me and have all of the friends of the Mission do the same."

Let us comply with his wish and offer many, many prayers for this good Father, who has spent forty-four years on this mission. Let us also go to Mass and offer it for him. Perhaps some kind ladies would take pleasure in sending Father Pius some delicacies—oranges, cocoa, cream of wheat, junket, tapioca, or any other nice food that an invalid can eat. The address is at the top of the Mission Corner page.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

This Mission, like the other two, has felt the financial depression keenly. The missionaries are hard put to meet their bills, and even have to borrow money to buy food, since so few funds are coming in. If you cannot send a large amount, a small sum will be highly

(Continued on page 574)



AGNES BROWN HERING

BE YOURSELF

It is hard to be a turnip
When you'd like to be a rose,
And 'tis hard to be a cabbage
All the time!

And 'tis also very horrid
Just to be a little boy
When you want to be a monkey,
And to climb!

But, if you're born a boy
Or—a turnip, after all,
It really seems a better
Thing, by far,

To be that boy or turnip,
Just as hard as you can be,
And then, you see, you'll be, just—
What you are.—ALICIA ASPINWALL.

A PRAYER THAT WAS ANSWERED

How does it come that little children are often protected from harm, yes, even from death, when they have been in great accidents? Sometimes, too, they fall great distances, as in the instance given below, and escape without serious injury. This is surely due to the loving Providence of God, who has placed a Guardian Angel over each of us. By their very name the angels are messengers, spiritual messengers of the Most High God. In the ninetieth Psalm we read: "There shall no evil come to thee. . . for he hath given his angels charge over thee. . . In their hands they shall bear thee up: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." We hear of so many instances of protection, or escape from death and injury that we can scarcely doubt that we are in the hands of Divine Providence.

How many of our readers saw the following item recently in the Catholic papers.

Tucson, Ariz.—Jackie Donahue, a popular member of SS. Peter and Paul's boy choir, met with a dangerous accident Sunday, March 1, (1931). Jackie attended the nine o'clock Mass and started home by a short-cut route. He noticed an opening in the ground and, thinking it was the opening of a cave, started an exploration. He lost his footing and fell into a deep well. The depth proved to be 140 feet. The youth was missed at lunch time and the frantic search lasted until midnight, when it was decided to make a thorough investigation of the well, which had been discovered earlier in the day. Jackie was found in the bottom suffering from a badly bruised ankle and other bodily bruises.

In recounting his experience, he said that he invoked the names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph as he lost his footing and fell, and in his imprisonment he prayed until he fell asleep. However, he never entertained a doubt about his rescue. He knew that his prayers would be answered. A local non-Catholic doctor summed up the experience by saying: "It looks like a miracle to me."—*The (Tucson) Arizona Register.*

THE HOLY GRAIL

None of the legends of the golden days of medievalism appeals so strongly to one as the Legend of the Holy Grail. It is the story of a legendary sacred vessel, variously identified with the Chalice of the Last Supper and the dish of the paschal lamb. Some writers, among whom is the reliable Wolfram Von Eschenbach, assert that it was not a cup or dish at all, but a precious stone, which, nevertheless, was connected with Our Lord and the Last Supper.

In the early writings the conception of the Grail varies considerably; its nature is often but vaguely indicated, and, in the case of Crestien's "Perceval," it is left wholly unexplained. From all this we can see just how hazy, how vague, how utterly ambiguous is the meaning of the Grail.

Can we reasonably suppose that all these different meanings are correct? Is it the precious stone as Wolfram believed? Is it the dish of the paschal lamb? Is it the chalice of the Eucharist? Yes, the popular opinion of to-day comprises all these into one broad definition: that the Grail was a shallow bowl or goblet, hewn from that most precious stone of the Orient, the emerald, and that it was used both as the dish of the paschal lamb and as the chalice in which, for the first time, Our Lord offered His Most Precious Blood.

Why is this vessel called the Grail? What does "Grail" mean? These questions have been variously answered. The generally accepted meaning is that given by the Cistercian chronicler, Helinandus, who maintained that about the year 717, a vision was shown to a certain hermit concerning the dish used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and about which the hermit then wrote a Latin book called "Gradale." In French, *gradale* means a dish or a scuttle, wide, and somewhat deep, divided into compartments, in which costly viands were wont to be served to the rich, one morsel after another in different rows. From this, Helinandus concluded that "Gradale" came from the Latin word *gradatim*, which means *by degrees*. He further ex-

plains that the medieval Latin word *gradale* became in Old French *graal* or *gréal*, whence comes the English word *grail*.

Like everything else about the Grail, the origin of the story is greatly disputed. Whether it originated in France, Italy, Germany, England, or in the Orient, is one of the most difficult of questions. The general belief is that the story arose in England about the twelfth century, and that it was introduced by some master hand, probably by that of Walter Map, into every branch of Arthurian Romance. Where it originated or in what tongue it first appeared is of little importance. It was certainly one of the main factors in the development of English Literature.

Thus far we have considered the bare facts and statistics of the legend; now we take up the most interesting and charming part, the story proper, a chronicle or history of the Holy Grail from the time of its sanctification at the Last Supper, until its disappearance at the death of Galahad. It is a romance, a mysterious romance, so sacred, so intensely interesting and fascinating, yet so simple that the whole world has delighted in it and proclaimed it "The Legend of Legends," "The Work of God."

The first part of the story is intimately connected with Joseph of Arimathea, the chivalrous knight who so gallantly gave his own sepulcher as the last resting place of Christ. He it was who performed the glorious deed of freeing the Savior from the cross. The legend says that, before taking Our Lord down, Joseph proceeded first to the upper room, where the Last Supper was held, and obtained the Holy Grail into which he collected the Precious Blood. Years later, when he was cast into prison by the Jews, Christ appeared and gave him the sacred vessel, through which he was miraculously sustained for forty-two years, until liberated by Vespasian. After his liberation, he brought the Holy Grail into Britain and there lived in close intimacy with Our Lord until his death at Glastonbury, at which time the sacred vessel mysteriously disappeared.

Although the Grail had vanished from the world, it was never forgotten. Down through the centuries the tale passed from mouth to mouth, to the time of King Arthur, (about the fifth or sixth century), when the noble knights of the table round swore the vow of the quest of the Holy Grail. It is about this quest that the second part of the story deals. In it we shall consider the visions of Sir Galahad and his companions, Sir Bors and Sir Percivale. All three achieved the quest, but Galahad was particularly chosen to be the Knight of the Holy Grail. He it was who possessed the Siege Perilous, that seat in the round table of Arthur's court which could be occupied only by the purest and most noble knight on earth. At his suggestion did the knights make the vow of the quest. So Tennyson, in his idyll, "The Holy Grail," said, "Galahad sware the vow, and good Sir Bors, and Launcelot, and many among the knights, and Gawain sware, and louder than the rest." But the braggart Gawain, and Launcelot, and all those who followed them along the dark path of sin never came near the holy relic of the Lord's Last Supper.

However, Launcelot, because of his ardent zeal and faith, was given a fleeting glance of the holy object.

It was true that Galahad's whole life was intimately associated with the Grail; nevertheless, he had but three visions: once, at the time of his confirmation of knighthood, when an angel appeared, holding the Holy Grail; and the other times, in company with his companions, Sir Bors and Percivale. Of his first vision little has been written, but of the last two many beautiful tales have been told. Probably the most beautiful and sublime are those written by Malory, who states that the first vision, in the presence of others, occurred in the Castle of Carbonek, in which abode, it was believed, Joseph of Arimathea had lived with the Holy Grail; and that the second and last vision took place in the city of Sarras at the time of his death.

Since Malory seems to be the authentic source, let us now follow the story of the visions as he narrates it: "As the knights sat resting in the great hall of the castle, there came a man in the likeness of a bishop. And four angels bore him up in a chair, and set him down before a table of silver on which the Sangreal (Holy Grail) was. And then they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels; two bore candles of wax, the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvelously. And they set the candles upon the table, and the towel upon the vessel, and the holy spear upright upon the vessel. And as the knights looked they saw a man come out of the vessel that had all the signs of the passion of Christ, and he said, 'My knights and my servants, I will no longer hide from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hidden things. Now hold and receive the high Meat which we have so much desired.' Then he himself took the holy vessel and came to Galahad and Galahad kneeled down, and there he received His Savior, and after him so received his fellows. Then said he to Galahad, 'Son, this is the holy dish from which I ate the lamb at the Last Supper. And now hast thou seen that which thou hast most desired to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt in the city of Sarras. Therefore thou must go hence.' And so Galahad with his companions departed to the city of Sarras. And there they saw again the holy vessel and a man in the likeness of a bishop, kneeling before it, saying a Mass. And when he had done, anon he called Galahad to him and said, 'Come forth, thou servant of Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast most desired to see.' Then Galahad began to tremble hard as he beheld the spiritual things. And therewith the good man took our Lord's Body betwixt his hands, and proffered It to Galahad, and he asked: 'Now knowest thou who I am?' And Galahad did not. 'I am Joseph of Arimathea, whom Our Lord hath sent here to bear thee fellowship. And he hath sent me, because thou hast resembled me in two things: in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sangreal and that thou hast been a clean maiden knight, as I have been and am.' And therewith Galahad kneeled down and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed, and they saw a great multitude of angels bear his soul up to heaven.

Also the two fellows saw come from heaven a hand, and it came right to the vessel and took it and the spear and so bare it up to heaven. Since that time there was never a man so daring as to say that he had seen the Sangreal."

While this charming and beautiful tale is a fable, nevertheless, it is of great significance to us Catholics. Does not the Holy Grail correspond in every way with the Holy Eucharist? The one great and only quality required in the person who desired to achieve the Grail was cleanness of heart. Not prowess in battle, nor social prestige, nor lordly station, nor physical strength were necessary to discover the path to the sweet and benign presence of the precious memorial of the Redeemer's greatest Gift to man. Launcelot and Gawaine possessed all these, but were debarred from the privilege that was only for souls like Galahad, Percivale, and good Sir Bors. Galahad himself let us know why legend preserves his memory as one of the successful champions in the quest of the Holy Grail. For he tells us, "My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." Just as it was necessary in the days of yore for those who wished to see the Holy Grail to be like unto Galahad, so also, those who receive the Grail of to-day, the Most Holy Eucharist, must be pure and clean of heart.

The weaving of the Holy Eucharist into this, already magnificent and beautiful legend, is the main reason why it is now considered as the gem of early English literature. Truly, we Catholics may be glad that our greatest and most sublime treasure—the Holy Sacrament of the Altar—has gradually been brought into relation with this most fascinating legend, which music, the opera, and paintings have immortalized.

—RAYMOND BOSLER, III Year High.

IF SPRING WOULD ONLY HURRY

If spring would only hurry,
If we knew what we should do—
Take off our winter garments
For the garments of the blue;
Lay by our heavy topcoats
For the raiment that she brings
Of blossoms in the valleys
And the memory of wings!

If spring would only hurry,
It would help us so, you see,
To turn these sombre shadows
To the silver sun of glee.
We've worn the dust, the darkness
All so patient and so long,
How can one blame our yearning
For the warm sun and the song?

If spring would only hurry,
If the spell of it would dawn,
Say to-morrow, or the next day,
And we heard it on the lawn,
Skipping silver as a fairy
To our windows, with the word
Of the mystic mirth of morning
In the rapturing of a bird!—Ex.

FIRST HOLY COMMUNION LESSONS BY MAIL

We wish to call the attention of our readers again to the free correspondence course given in preparation for First Holy Communion which has been prepared by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Victor Day, of Helena, Montana. There are thirteen lessons in the course.

This method of instruction, which has the approval of the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, has proved especially helpful to pastors with large and extensive parishes in rural districts where it is difficult for children to attend classes in catechism.

Aunt Agnes, of THE CORNER, has used this course and recommends it most heartily. It contains easy questions and answers, only the necessary prayers, is well illustrated, and contains interesting anecdotes to illustrate difficult points. Any child of eight years can handle the work with a little help.

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

Little LETTER BOX, what have you in store for us this time? Anything new, I wonder?

Here is a letter from Dorothy Norton, of 5635 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill. She is wearing a Fidelity Button, and wishes to have a B-Z-B. Well, Dorothy, since you live in such a wonderful city, it surely will be easy for you to win another emblem. Write a good interesting description of something,—a beautiful church, wonderful pictures or statuary, interesting persons or places. You should be able to send 300 or 400 words. Try it, and perhaps others will be inspired to do likewise.

Helen Jenkins, Louisburg, Kansas, is asking for admission. Helen, what have you to say by way of introduction? She enjoys reading THE GRAIL, and especially the CHILDREN'S CORNER! Thank you. Helen is 14 years of age, wishes correspondents, and will answer promptly all letters received. She hopes to be accepted as a niece and as a Cornerite.

The letter is nicely written, in-ink, on one side only of the paper, and contains no mistakes in English. So far so good. Come right in, Helen. Take this chair, please, and the Fidelity Button shall be yours in just a minute.

Now, you Boys and Girls, who have been looking for a new correspondent get busy with pen and ink.

Next! Myrtle La Voie, 13, from one of the Twin Cities: 3419 Knox Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. She also enjoys the CORNER, and also wishes to hear from others about her age. Come in, Myrtle. Take this chair beside Helen. You merit a button. You should be able to write a splendid letter about your city. Do so, please, and perhaps you may win another button.

Get more chairs, please. Here come several. Your

name, please? Eileen Howard. Your place of residence? 1509 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Perhaps you know Dorothy Norton? No? Well, shake hands and get acquainted. Take a seat while the Fidelity Button is being brought to you. You say you wish correspondents, too? I am sure there are many whose fingers are just itching to write, and that before long you may have to hire a secretary.

Two more girls and two empty seats. Come right in and let's get acquainted. Your name? Frances Klein, of 726 Baroness Ave., Louisville, Ky., age 17 years. There you have it, all in a nutshell! I see you are wearing a Fidelity Button so you must wish one of the pretty B-Z-B's? Write an interesting letter, that's the purchase price. And you wish correspondents of your age or older? Very well. Make a note of this all of you who are "listening in."

Meet Miss Marie Eckert, 15, of 409 West Ninth St., who wears a button and who wishes to be classed with the B-Z-B's. There is just one way, Marie, and that is to write an interesting letter. Tell of something you saw while on a trip, or better still, unearth something in your own vicinity. Go to some old lady or old gentleman and ask him or her to recount for you some experience of youth. Describe a public building that is unusual. Tell about the little town of Santa Claus not so very far from you. Have you ever taken a trip to the chapel of Our Lady on Monte Cassino near St. Meinrad? Have you seen the grave of Nancy Hanks which is likewise in your part of Indiana? You perhaps think these are too well-known, but there are many all over the world, wherever our lovely magazine finds its way, who will be glad to read your contribution, I am sure.

And now, dear readers, snap! goes the cover on the LETTER BOX till next month. Come again, all of you, and bring a friend along with you.

WHAT WE SOW

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day; to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

—Mechanical Magazine.

EXCHANGE SMILES

Teacher—"Why don't you answer, Willie?"

Willie—"I did, Teacher. I shook my head."

Teacher—"Well now, you surely don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?"—M. T. Head.

"Now, Johnny," instructed Mrs. Smith, who was taking her young hopeful along to visit a neighbor, "if Mrs. Jones should happen to offer you two kinds of cake, and ask which you prefer, remember, like a little gentleman, to say: 'Thank you, ma'am, I like both. I'll take either.'"

"Here is some lovely cake, Johnny," said Mrs. Jones when the proper time arrived. "Which will you have?" To the amusement of the hostess, but to the mortification of the mother the little fellow replied: "Thank you, ma'am, I like either. I'll take both."

Abbey and Seminary

—Mr. Franklyn Billings, of Chicago, was clothed with the habit of St. Benedict on Feb. 1, when he entered upon his year's novitiate in preparation for the humble life of the lay brotherhood. We congratulate Bro. Francis on the step he has taken and pray that he

persevere therein. We pray also that a similar grace may be accorded to many another young man, who is unattached, not blinded by the vain promises of a flattering and deceitful world, and truly desires to seek in the first place the kingdom of God. Our Abbey has room for quite a number of these earnest, God-seeking men.

—March may have come in like a lion, as the ancient saying goes, but it surely was only a cub this year. What interests us more, is that it brought us a rain of several days' duration. That the storm period ended in a light snow that soon disappeared was quite in keeping with the season—winter's farewell gesture. The Anderson crept out over its banks and Lake Placid spread a sheet of shimmering water over its newly-made bed. This was, if we mistake not, the greatest rainfall in a given period for a year or more.

—On February 23rd Father Abbot Coadjutor left for Chicago, where he met Father Sylvester, who came from his Indian mission at Marty, S. D. Together they went to Philadelphia and other points in the East in the interest of our Sioux Indian missions. F. Sylvester spent a day with us on the return trip. In the meantime F. Stephen was in charge at the mission.

—Word reached us on February 27th that Bro. Meinrad, who is with the Indians at Marty, had been injured—not in an encounter with savages, but with a bull that had cornered him. Help arrived just in time to prevent the infuriated animal from mangling his victim and gorging him to death.

—Early in March quite a number of the students were in the grip of the flu, while a few were afflicted with the mumps.

—Fr. Timothy Sexton, who had been for a year at St. Louis in Mt. St. Rose Sanatorium for the purpose of acquiring more physical power of resistance, has returned to us plump—the picture of health. We trust that he will now be able to continue his studies, which had been interrupted in the meantime.

—Rev. Carl Riebenthaler, class of '17, pastor at Millhousen, Ind., is rejoicing that a pupil of his parochial school captured the first place in a spelling contest in which all the schools of southern Indiana took part.

—With the opening of spring we hope to begin the construction of our new Minor Seminary, which is so badly needed. Messrs. Crowe & Schulte, of Cincinnati, the architects, have drawn up plans for the structure. We are assured that under favorable conditions the skeleton of this building will be completed with three months after work begins. No general contract will be given out. The Abbey will furnish the material, rent the necessary equipment, and hire capable men to take charge of construction. This arrangement, it seems, will prove more satisfactory and economical. The limestone for the concrete will come from a quarry that has been leased in Perry County about eleven miles east of the Abbey. The crusher began operation early in March and trucks are bringing the finished product to the building site.

—Now that we are making actual preparations for

building, the urgent need of which is apparent to all, some very encouraging words have come to us from our friends. In answer to invitations sent out to our alumni for aid in our undertaking, some hastened to "come across" at once with a substantial contribution. Others, in less affluent circumstances, have promised gifts within a specified time. The hearty cooperation of these well-wishers is deeply appreciated. As quite a sum of money is required to erect the new building, which is to be devoted to the training of boys and young men for the priesthood, we invite all our friends without exception to lend a helping hand. It will take the combined efforts of a multitude to accomplish this undertaking. In union there is strength. May God bestow His choicest blessings on all our benefactors!

—The first anniversary of the election of Abbot Coadjutor Ignatius occurred on March 11. Father Prior celebrated the Solemn Conventual High Mass. The students were interested especially in the "Scholavacat" sign which was placed on their bulletin board. This permitted them to enjoy a half holiday.

—A bulletin has been posted to announce the not-distant date for the closing of school. The summer vacation will begin on June 13. In the evening of the following day the second retreat will begin.

—The giving of a laymen's retreat at the Abbey—June 18 to 21—is a new feature at St. Meinrad. At this first retreat only seventy-five can be accommodated. For want of more commodious quarters the number has to be thus limited. Application blanks have been sent out. As school will have closed the week previous, the retreatants will occupy rooms in the seminary.

—Two of our alumni passed to the better life in the first week of March. Father Edward J. Feller, class of '14, died suddenly on March 2 while walking near the church of which he was pastor at Dover, Indiana. Four days later occurred the death of Father Francis B. Luebberrmann, class of '80, who died of paralysis at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville. For many years the aged priest had been pastor at Mt. Vernon, Ind. After retiring from parochial duties he accepted the chaplaincy at St. Mary's Hospital. Since 1921, however, he has been living a retired life at the hospital. For several years past he had been unable to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. God grant them eternal rest.

Gregorian Chant Records

The Abbe Dabin once wrote: "The Benedictine is not merely a worker with a fine equipment, he is by vocation, predestination, and business first and foremost a singer. . . . Now it is the same with the Chant as with virtue. If an ounce of practice is worth two pounds of theory, . . . one day in the choir of a monastery will teach more, to him that hath ears to hear, than will the researches of the most learned students." These words come forcibly to our mind as we listen to the Victor Records of Gregorian Chant as sung by the Solesmes Monks. So much has been said and discussed about the singing of the Benedictine Monks of the ven-

Mo., we have three booklets: (1) *Way of the Cross*, venerable Abbey of Saint-Pierre, Solesmes, France, who are recognized as the foremost exponents of Gregorian Chant, and so few are able to visit their Abbey to hear their singing, that the value of these records can scarcely be over-emphasized. The RCA Victor Company, in transporting its recording apparatus to that fountain-head of the Chant, and thus making it possible for the world at large to hear the singing as it is heard in their monastery, has made a contribution of genuine merit to the musical world and to the Catholic Church. The wonderful legato, the clear enunciation, the fine phrasing, the subtle rhythm, which are disclosed in these records—and withal, the prayerful, soulful singing of the ancient plain song melodies, the "finest religious music in the world"—will prove a model of inestimable worth for the singer of Gregorian Chant.

The chants are recorded on twelve double-faced Victor Records, and are issued in two volumes, six records in each volume, Album Number M-87 in the Musical Masterpiece Series. We find among the records examples of the elaborate Propers of the Mass, as Graduals, Alleluias, Offertories, and Communions; as also specimens of the Ordinary, as the Pashchal Mass, "Lux et Origo," and the *Sanctus* and *Agnus Dei* of the Blessed Virgin Mass, "Cum Jubilo." Of especial practical value for many will be the *Requiem* (Introit, Tract, and Offertory) as also the "Adoro Te" and "Salve Regina" (Simple Tone). We believe the price of the complete set is \$24.00, or \$12.00 for each volume.

S. T.

Book Notices

Journal of Religious Instruction; February, 1931; Vol. I, No. 1. (104 pages.) According to announcement, this *Journal* which is sponsored by De Paul University of Chicago (Business Office at 517 S. Jefferson St.), is "a new magazine for teachers of religion." Each issue, of which there will be ten every year, will carry material for the primary teacher, the intermediate grades, the junior and senior high school, and the college. The subscription price is \$2.00 the year. By way of introduction a special offer of fifteen issues for \$2.50 is made.

An Apostle of Suffering in our Day—Sister M. Annella, O. S. B., by Rev. Joseph Kreuter, O. S. B., is a brief account of the life and the sufferings of the servant of God, Sister M. Annella Zervas, O. S. B., who died piously in the Lord at the age of 26 on Aug. 14, 1926. The edifying narrative will encourage the good to persevere and the weak to carry their crosses patiently. (The Abbey Press, St. Meinrad, Ind. Price, 10¢ postpaid. Reduction for quantity.)

The International Catholic Truth Society (407 Bergen St., Brooklyn) has sent us two pamphlets that sell at 5¢ each: *A Catechism of the Bible*, by Rev. John O'Brien, M. A., gives in twenty brief chapters much information concerning the Scriptures; and, *Devotion in Honor of Our Blessed Lady*—"The Five Psalms," is a translation of devotions ascribed to St. Bonaventure. Each verse of the first so-called psalm begins with the letter M. In like manner each verse of the second psalm begins with A, and so on. In this way the five psalms spell the name MARIA.

From the press of the Benedictine Convent at Clyde,

or the Fourteen Stations, illustrated, vest-pocket edition, 64 pages, paper; (2) *The Message from Konnersreuth*, by Rt. Rev. Sigmund Waitz, D. D., who, as an eyewitness, relates in simple narrative style the story of Theresa Neumann, the stigmatized maid of Konnersreuth who is attracting the attention of the whole world. (Price, 10¢.; (3) *Devotion to the Holy Wounds*, being the account of the saintly Visitation Nun, Sister Mary Chambon, and the devotion to the holy Wounds which she was instrumental in introducing. The ejaculations, which make up this simple devotion, have been highly indulged by the Church. (Price, 10¢.)

The Friend of Sinners, translated from the French of Rev. A. Galy, S. M., by Rev. J. M. Lelen, (Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati), is a book of 274 pages. Basing his arguments on numerous quotations from the Old Testament and the New, the author shows forth the tender mercy of God for sinners, His pity and compassion for weak, sinful man, to inspire him with confidence. "God's Mercy Towards the Dying" is also a very consoling chapter. Here is a book that deserves to be widely distributed.

The Liturgical Press (Collegeville, Minn.) has sent the following booklets for review:

(1) *The Liturgical Movement: Its Purpose and Influence, Significance.*

(2) *The Chant of the Church: The Reform of Church Music; The Chant in Parish Churches; The New Apostolic Constitution—"Divini Cultus Sanctitatem."*

(3) *The Liturgy of the Layman: The Liturgy and the Laity; Catholic Action and the Liturgy; The Liturgy and Catholic Women.* (Price of Nos. 1, 2, 3: 5¢ each.)

(4) *If I be Lifted Up*—an Essay on the Sacrifice of the Mass, by Paul C. Bussard. (Price, 10¢.)

(5) *The Liturgy of the Church*, by Dom Lambert Beauduin, O. S. B., translated from the French, is an exposition of the ideals of the liturgical apostolate, written "for the people who think." (Price, 35¢.)

"Fr. Willie"—(Father William Doyle, S. J.)—His World-wide Appeal and Favours Attributed to his Intercession, is a pamphlet that comes from the office of the "Irish Messenger," (5 Great Denmark St., Dublin. Price, two pence).

Saint Francis of Assisi, by Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny, is a series of thirteen vignettes of the Little Poor Man of Assisi. All lovers of this great saint will welcome this booklet with its well-chosen and expressive vignettes. (Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 51st St., Chicago).

History of Princethorpe Priory, by Sister Frideswide Stapleton, O. S. B. (published in England). Students of Benedictine history will be delighted with this volume. The community of St. Mary's Priory, which is at Princethorpe near Rugby in England, came originally from the Abbey of Montargis in France, whence the nuns fled to England during the reign of terror during the French Revolution in 1792. The reader will admire these noble women, who chose to obey God rather than man. A. B.

Just Stories—the kind that never grow old, by Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S. (The Society of the Divine Savior, St. Nazianz, Wis. Price, \$1.00). Good books are wise counsellors, for they point out the right way in the various paths of life. Both young and old may profit by these wholesome stories and their practical application to everyday life. A. B.

The Stations of the Cross, prepared under the personal direction of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, is artistic and practical. After each station, which is brought out in colors, follows a stanza of the *Sabat Mater* in English with the ordinary, simple melody in modern notation. This attractive booklet closes with an *O Salutaris*, *Tantum Ergo*, and *Adoremus in aeternum* for congregational singing. (Daprato Statuary Co., 762 W. Adams St., Chicago, Price, 20¢.)

Light on the True Shakespeare, by A. M. Von Blomberg (The Christopher Pub. House, 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston. Price, \$1.50), is another book on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, concerning which has been written. This work may throw new light on the subject. A. B.

Ballad of the Golden Squaw, by Sister M. Fides Glass, B. F. A., (Squaw Press, Orrtanna, Pa. Price, 55¢.), is an artistic booklet that narrates the fate of Mary Jemison, who was stolen by the Seneca Indians on the morning of her wedding day from her home in Buchanan Valley. The text is done by hand with old monastic scrollings, decorations, and illuminations. A. B.

An Heroic Abbess of Reformation Days—the Memoirs of Mother Charitas Pirkheimer, Poor Clare, which is published by the Central Bureau C. C. V. A., (3835 Westminster Pl., St. Louis. Price, 15¢.), is a pamphlet that gives an impressive picture of the intolerance and persecution of the "reformers." Students of history specially will welcome the story of this heroic woman who is so little known. A. B.

Drifting Sands of Party Politics, by Oscar W. Underwood, (The Century Co., 353 4th Ave., New York) is an exposition of Democratic Party principles, from the standpoint of the philosophy of political history. Written by a participant active for thirty years in the events he describes, it has the broadness of perspective that came to maturer years and the calm of retirement. After a brief résumé of government principles handed down from English and colonial times, Senator Underwood leads over to an intimate description of legislative history he lived or made,—including such absorbing topics as the Spanish-American War, the World War, the Sedition Law, the temperance movement that lead to National Prohibition, and the perennial question of tariff bills. Throughout the book he champions the principle of Thomas Jefferson: "The government that governs least, governs best." The "Drifting Sands" are the trends to a government so strong and centralized that it would become a government by organized minorities, with consequent encroachment upon the rights of states and individuals. The writer is naturally partial to the principles of the Democratic Party, and brings into clear relief the fundamental difference between the two major political parties in our Republic,—of state rights versus centralized government. He is rather unfortunate in dealing with the religious element, which he claims entered into the framing of our political government. To quote his own words: "John Calvin, . . . a Protestant Reformer. . . has had more influence in directing American legislation than all the other religious impacts." (P. 24.) In view of a recent study by Rev. John C. Rager, entitled: "Democracy and Bellarmine," the assumption that Democracy is a child of the Reformation is no longer tenable. To quote from "Democracy and Bellarmine" (P. 131.): "The Declaration of Independence is an accurate transcript of the Catholic mind. There is strong historical evidence that it is to the great Jesuit antagonists of James I (viz. Bellarmine and Suarez) that England and America primarily owe the conception of democratic government." C. T.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER IX—ALONE IN THE WORLD

MADELINE was the first to enter the kitchen on that fateful morning. She came skipping lightly down the stairs and humming a tune softly to herself. The stairs were soft-carpeted in red Brussels, and shone with new varnish and wax, and when she reached the foot of them, she turned about to examine her surroundings once more. Although she had seen the new furnishings all in place for several days, yet they were still so new and delighted her so, that every time she looked at them they gave her new pleasure.

Having looked her fill, she turned with a smile upon her lips, to enter the kitchen, where her first duty was to light the fire and fill the coffee pot with fresh water. But she stopped dead in her tracks and threw up her hands when she beheld her uncle seated at the kitchen table, with the kerosene lamp still alight, though low and guttering now, apparently asleep, surrounded by his money.

"Oh, Uncle!" she exclaimed. "How long have you been sleeping here? My goodness! That's not at all good for your rheumatism." Then remembering how angry he had become once before when she had accidentally surprised him in the act of counting over his money, she stepped back to the door, intending to pretend that she had seen nothing.

"Uncle," she called. "You had better go back to bed and get some sleep. You will be feeling badly again if you don't." No answer. "Uncle!" Still, an ominous silence. Then fear began to steal into her heart. What if—but no; he must be sound asleep, and there was nothing else to do but shake him. What if he did scold? It would soon blow over; in fact, she regarded him affectionately, and determined to pet and coddle him just a little, knowing that this would disarm his unreasoning anger, as it always did. So she advanced and shook his shoulder a little—then a little more—then still harder. Then she touched his hand—and found it icy cold. She touched his forehead, intending to raise it, and found it clammy. Then she let out a long-drawn scream of fright, which brought Jerusha racing in in her nightgown to see what was wrong.

"Uncle! Uncle!" shrieked Madeline. "He's dead! Oh my poor Uncle! My poor Uncle!" and she fell upon her knees at his side and embraced his thin, life-

less shoulders, sobbing as if her heart would break. Jerusha stood like one paralyzed, pale and frightened, wringing her hands, her eyes dilated at the sight of all that money. But she soon recovered herself. Advancing, her eye lit upon the fresh folded sheet of white paper, and taking it up, she glanced over the first few lines; nodding her head, she compressed her lips and replaced it.

"Come, come child," she said, now addressing Madeline and trying to raise her to her feet.

"Oh let me be! Let me alone! He was all I had! Now I have no one!" she wailed, tightening her hold upon her dead relative's shoulders, and crying harder than ever.

"Now, listen to reason, child. Come; we must call the sheriff and the doctor at once." But Madeline never heeded her.

"Oh, my Uncle! Oh, the poor fellow! Oh, he'd been looking sad and down for days! I noticed it on him! I was sorry for him! Oh, had I only known! Ah, Aunt Jerusha, you should not have been so hard on him!" At this Jerusha bridled.

"Hard on him! Madeline, what are you talking about?"

"Yes, you said he was living like a savage, and you changed everything for him so abruptly that it was a shock to him!"

"Now see here! I'll not have you talking like that to me. First thing you know, you'll be telling people I killed him." Madeline wiped her eyes and rose disconsolately.

"Well, let us not quarrel here beside the dead. See, here are the bills he was going to pay—and the money in his poor hands! Oh, Uncle, Uncle!" And she burst into tears anew. But the widow—now a widow for the second time—seemed to feel no pity for her; instead, she now seemed to look at her with renewed hostility.

"Don't stand there bawling!" she cried impatiently. "Go next door and ask Mrs. Allen to let you use the phone. Call up the sheriff and tell him to bring the coroner along, then call Dr. Simmons." Once more Madeline tried to compose herself; she looked at Jerusha reproachfully.

"Aunt! Aren't you a bit sorry he is gone?"

"Impudent girl! How dare you speak that way to me? I don't wear my feelings on my sleeve like you do; and anyway, I think they're only crocodile tears you shed. If you loved him so much, why did you leave

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him?" Madeline merely gave her a look that spoke volumes; she felt that she had to deal with a narrow, unjust person.

"We won't go into that, if you please. You know all about it as well as I do—but I love him just the same!" And, with tears coursing down her cheeks, she opened the door and ran across the yard to the next neighbor.

"Land sakes, what's happened, Madeline? You're as pale as a ghost!" cried Mrs. Allen upon opening the door. The girl explained, and the use of the phone was immediately accorded her.

Fifteen minutes later, the sheriff and the coroner came chugging down the drive in a much dilapidated Ford, and not five minutes after, Dr. Simmons' horse and buggy came clumping and crunching up behind it. The doctor examined the corpse together with the coroner, and after a lengthy autopsy, they finally agreed it was heart failure. Meanwhile, the sheriff gathered up the money and carefully counted it, replacing it in the crock. Then he took up the crisp sheet of paper, opened and looked at it.

"Hm, this is a will," he commented. Jerusha stood looking on, holding a handkerchief to her nose. Now she nodded.

"Yes, as soon as we were married, Josiah took me down to Abner Moseley's and made a will."

"It was—ahem—at your suggestion, I suppose?" he remarked, dryly.

"Certainly; it was the proper thing to do, wasn't it?" she countered, missing the irony in his voice.

"Oh, yes; sure, it was the right thing to do." He now placed the folded paper on top of the money in the crock, replaced the cloth and waterproof covering, and pasted an official seal over all.

"Now, if you don't mind," continued the sheriff, "I'll take charge of this money—I'll bring it over to Abner's and have him put it into his safe until after the funeral. Then he'll read the will and turn over everything proper-like. That suit you?" The widow nodded, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "Jed," continued the sheriff, "you called up the undertaker, didn't you?" There was the sound of a motor outside.

"Yes; I believe that's him now. Yes; here he comes."

For the second time in her life, Madeline was forced to observe all the sad obsequies connected with the demise of a near relative. The last sad rites for her uncle now brought back with vivid force that other funeral back in Appleton, when the one she held dearest in the world was torn from her. Of her father's death she remembered nothing, being a mere baby at the time.

But now, all the people of the town seemed united in a kindly brotherhood to visit and comfort her. They came to view the remains, and spoke consoling words to the bereaved girl, who indeed discovered, now that poor Josiah was gone, that she had loved him more than she knew. Among all these who came, there was Mrs. Pine, and Mr. Breen the druggist, and Zeb Mudrotter, who brooded over her solicitously like a father, and

Mr. Briggs the grocer and his son, George, and dozens of others.

Mrs. Pine confided to Madeline that she was to be married in a month or so to John Murdock, the town's only plumber, a fine, up-standing Hercules of a man. She asked Madeline what she intended doing.

"Of course, I don't suppose you've made any plans yet," she continued, "but if your aunt doesn't want you around, remember there is always my home. I would love to have you with me again. I've even spoken of it to John, and he is willing—in fact, he admires you very much. You see, I've told him all about you."

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Pine," replied Madeline, pressing her friend's hand. "I am so glad for you; Mr. Murdock is a fine man, so I've heard it said, although I do not personally know him, and it is right that you should have a nice home and a husband again. You've had to work hard for so long! it will be a relief just to take care of your home and not have to plug for a living yourself."

"Yes, my dear; I certainly will appreciate a good husband," returned Mrs. Pine, leaving unsaid all that Madeline knew she meant.

"As to my plans—you are right, Mrs. Pine, I do not know yet what I am going to do. Mr. Moseley is going to read the will to us on Thursday. I do not know if Uncle has given me a share in his property or not. But even if he did not, I am sure Aunt Jerusha will be glad to have me with her, as she will be lonely, much as I would like to be with you. I might divide my time between the two of you."

"Do that; I will want you for at least a week at a time. Your aunt won't need you all the time." Meanwhile, Jerusha was receiving the neighbor's condolences in another room.

"Yes," she was saying, wiping her eyes on her new, black-bordered handkerchief. "It is an awful blow to me. I've been a widow for fifteen years, and scarcely do I marry again, but I am a widow. I don't know; it does not seem to be the will of Heaven that I should have a husband." And she sighed effusively and looked dolefully at the new carpet.

"Yes, it does seem a shame," replied Mrs. Allen, the "very good friend" who always spied upon Madeline's movements and reported them to the widow. "Just when Josiah furnished everything so lovely and all for you, that he should be called away."

"Yes, and we'd been the dearest of friends for years. Now, if I could only have taken care of him all those years—you know, married him long ago, this might not have happened. It is the years of neglect that caused—"

"But his niece—"

"Oh, a mere girl. What did she know about taking care of a house or doing for a man like him? Now, if I hadn't come over every day and helped, I don't know what the two of them would have done."

"I know, I know, Jerushy. You certainly earned that man."

"Didn't I though? And what does he do when I

marry him? Up and dies! But he always was contrary, Josiah was."

"You don't know—" began the woman curiously, and then changed her tack. "Ah—I suppose Mr. Edgeworth will leave you quite a bit of money? That will be some reward for all you've done for him and his niece."

"Well, I don't just rightly know how much 'tis, but I insisted on the day we was married, that he make a will. I wasn't going to have no if's and but's about the matter if he died. And now I'm glad I did."

"He made a will then?"

"Oh, yes; Abner Moseley, he married us, and then wrote the will, and Josiah signed it."

"Well, you certainly did right," praised the neighbor. "Then there won't be no squabblin' over the money afterward."

"Yes; 'tis shameful to squabble over the money of the dead," replied the widow piously, wiping her eyes and blowing her nose.

"Be there any other relatives besides Madeline?"

"None that I know of." Zeb Mudtrotter, who had been sitting nearby and had overheard the whole dialogue, now cast a baleful look at the two women, violently cleared his throat, and rose to look for Madeline.

"Hm, Miss Madeline, couldn't I chop some wood for you or somethin'?" he queried. "'Pears like I just can't set around doin' nothin'. Them women's talk makes me fidgety." The house was full of people, coming and going, and Madeline scarcely had a moment to herself.

"Oh, Zeb, I don't want you to do anything. Just sit and rest."

"But with Josiah gone, who will chop your wood and do you chores? I'm a-goin' on out to the woodshed and see how he left things. If you're a-needin' anything, just call me." And so, good old faithful soul, he made himself useful in any way he saw fit, and Madeline was deeply grateful to him. Meanwhile, fresh groups of visitors had come, and Jerusha was busy, after having led them into the death-room, showing them over the entire house. It was an opportunity, not to be had so soon again, of showing the whole town the magnificence of her new home, a fact which would provide topics for several weeks of tea parties, sewing circles and socials.

"Oh, yes," she enthused sadly, "he wanted me to have the best of everything. I told him over and over, not to go to all that expense, but he insisted. What's the good of it all now, when he's gone?" And she would bury her face in her handkerchief and sob, and folks petted and tried to comfort her. But she was very careful not to speak those words in Madeline's hearing.

At last the three days in which Josiah lay in state, ended, and the sad morning of the funeral arrived. Madeline was glad that it was gray and drizzling, just like the morning when first she arrived in Turnerville, and that the sparrows were not making their usual morning clatter. The sun and the bird's happy vociferousness would have been too much for her heavily-weighted soul, and she realized that now indeed she was

alone in the world—unless Jerusha should really turn out to have some affection for her, which she doubted. Yet, she was ready to do all in her power to make her aunt by marriage love her, even as she had forced Josiah's narrow, unwilling heart to acknowledge her worth.

Josiah was laid in the chill, dank ground, followed by a large part of the town's population, who came more out of curiosity than affection. Many came for Madeline's sake. The return of the lonely house was worse than she had expected. With the people all gone, and no one in the house but herself and Jerusha, who was silent and kept severely to herself, the girl missed Josiah's spare figure in every room she entered. She loved even his poor, narrow faults, and found excuses for all of them in the fullness of her affectionate heart.

Thursday came, and Abner Moseley knocked on the door early, carrying the crock in his arm. Jerusha led him into the living room, and called Madeline. The reading of the will did not last long, and Madeline was scarcely surprised to find that her uncle had left every penny he owned, together with the house and the land it stood upon, to his "beloved wife, Jerusha." After Abner had gone, Madeline went to the kitchen to wash up the breakfast dishes, and there Jerusha found her.

"My dear," she said, with suspicious sweetness, "you heard the will. The house and the money are mine; your dear uncle wished me to have it. He realized at last who was his best friend."

"I suppose I'll have to gather up my things and move then?" asked the girl, doubtfully.

"It would be best that way, I think," answered her aunt, coldly.

(To be continued)

Setting One's Table

A correctly set table has, first of all, a clean, well-pressed cloth, suitable to the time of day and the meal. Formerly we used one large cloth, covering the whole table, for the three meals. Generally it was of red-and-white, or blue-and-white check, and was used until it was soiled. This added appreciably to the family wash.

But now we have learned to simplify our customs and our labors, and we use a small, gay cloth for breakfast, doilies or runners for luncheon, and a large table cloth for dinner. There is a correct way and an incorrect way of using table accessories, and these customs change with the times and with usage. For instance, it used to be perfectly correct some years ago to eat with one's knife; but things fell from it, and as most knives were of sharp steel at that time, one was apt to cut his mouth in eating with it. So it was discarded as a food-carrier, and the fork was substituted. In the same way, it was quite the thing to drink from one's saucer in our grandmothers' day, but it was unsatisfactory, since things were spilled from it to the tablecloth or one's dress, so that custom, too, became taboo.

The manner in which a table is set has a great deal to do with the success of a meal, and its attractiveness

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to jaded appetites. There is so much pretty, inexpensive glass and china on the market to-day, that one may be able to afford several sets in different colors, in order to make a change now and then. Above all, it is of supreme importance to have all glass and china sparkling, the silver free of blemish, and the cloth spotless. To set an attractive table, the cloth and glassware and china ought to match in some way; for instance: A cloth having a pink border should be matched with pink-flowered china or all-over pink glazed chinaware. The glassware may be pink, or if the cloth be embroidered in yellow flowers, in addition to the pink border, the glassware may be amber.

An agreeable centerpiece should, if possible, be provided—either flowers from the garden in summer, bitersweet and various kinds of autumn berries in fall, and bright colored fruit in winter. The care and precision with which the china and glass and silver are laid, has a great deal to do with its cheerfulness and inviting aspect.

Some families, to save washing cloths, prefer to serve their breakfasts on the table in individual trays. The children, especially, appreciate a pretty, painted tray. In taking a cloth off the table, crumbs should first be brushed off, as the custom of shaking it out on the lawn often causes wrinkles and creases which make the cloth unsightly for the next meal. Fold carefully in the original creases and lay back in the drawer. For the easily and quickly-laundered runners, embroidered, unbleached muslin is nice, edged with Cluny lace in the color of the embroidery. Indian head or tan linen makes pleasing doilies which launder nicely.

Garden Hints

When dandelions have become so thick in a lawn that it is impossible to remove them all by hand, mix one and one-half pounds iron sulphate or copperas with a gallon of water, stirring well with a clean stick. Then fill a spray pump with the mixture and apply to the dandelions. This will blacken and kill the tops, but the roots will send out new shoots again in a week or two, so the process will have to be repeated until there is no more sign of them. Be sure to wash out spray pump well after using, as otherwise it will corrode, and do not allow the spray to touch cement walks, trellises or buildings, as it will permanently stain them. It may discolor clover temporarily, but will not injure blue grass. Do not allow it to come near flowers or shrubs.

If dandelions are removed by hand, be sure to fill up the holes with good loam and thick grass seed. There is no weed eradicator so effective as thick grass.

To prevent grass and weeds from growing in gravel paths, mix twenty pounds of sulphur and sixty quarts of water, and boil the mixture. Then apply to the garden paths or any spot where you do not wish weeds to grow. This will last for several seasons.

Now is a good time to go out and make clippings from your rose bushes; bring them inside and place each twig in a small pot of wet sand, inverting a small

Mason jar over each. In a few weeks they will have rooted and you can set them out if the weather is warm enough. As soon as warm weather arrives, watch rose bushes for pests. If leaves are shrivelled up, look underneath for small worms or lice. A bath of ordinary smoking tobacco soaked in water will eradicate them. A handful in a quart of water will take care of four or five rose bushes. Cup the hand and dip out until every part of the bush has been soaked. Sometimes the pests return in a few weeks. Renew the treatment again.

Spinning in the Early Days

From the beginning of history until the fourteenth or fifteenth century, the various fibers were made into yarn or thread simply by aid of a spindle and distaff. The earliest method of spinning was simply to twist the textile fibers into a thread by means of the thumb and fingers, or between the palms of the hands, or sometimes between the palm of the hand and the thigh. The only implement used in spinning was a stick, usually about eight to twelve inches long, to which was attached the end of the thread which was being twisted, and upon which the finished thread was wound. This stick, the primitive spindle, was usually held in the right hand, while the mass of fibers to be spun was held in the left. A loose thread was formed from the fibers, drawn out to arm's length, and attached to the spindle, which was whirled between the thigh and the right palm until the thread had been sufficiently twisted. Then the thread was wound upon the stick, and refastened at the end; a new bunch of fibers was drawn out from the left hand, twisted and wound on the stick as before; and so the process continued.

The distaff was a rather large stick around one end of which was wound a loose ball of fibers to be spun. Sometimes the spinner held the distaff in her left hand and other times it was placed in the belt or girdle, thus leaving the left hand free. Undoubtedly crude spinning wheels were used somewhat in these very early days, but the first trace of them in Europe dates back only to the fifteenth century. The spinning wheel combined three important parts: The spindle to twist the yarn or thread, the distaff to hold the loose, raw fiber, and a wheel, operated either by hand or a treadle, to turn the spindle and wind the finished yarn. There were two kinds of spinning wheels used: One called the wool wheel, used for spinning wool and making a soft, loose-twisted yarn, the other called a flax wheel, much more elaborate than the wool wheel, used for spinning flax and making a much harder twisted yarn.

Household Hints

Where there are small children creeping about the floor, be sure to pick up every small article off the floor, lest the little ones put it in their mouths—such as buttons, pins, hairpins, etc. Be sure that all doors leading to stairs are closed, as also all closets and cabinets where there are things with which the child might injure himself.

To waterproof the soles of shoes, melt together equal parts of mutton suet and beeswax and dip soles in over the edges two or three times, allowing it to cool each time.

Where the flooring is poor and wide cracks between the boards, the dirt will seep through them onto the carpet unless carpet felt or newspapers are placed beneath the rug.

Meringue will become watery and separate in cracks if chilled too quickly.

When grinding onions place a wet cloth over grinder to prevent "onion tears."

If you discover a mouse in the house, a trap is better than poison, since with poison the rodent often dies somewhere in an undesirable or undiscoverable place in the house, and the situation is, to say the least, unsanitary.

When putting new shoes on baby, sandpaper the soles, so he will not slip and fall.

Rub shiny suede with fine emery paper.

Always have on hand a can of good drain cleaner in case any of the sink drains in the house become clogged. In an emergency, a handful each of salt and soda thrown down the pipe will do, letting stand half an hour and washing down with a kettle of boiling water.

Recipes

DEVILED EASTER EGGS: A nice dish for Easter Sunday: Boil a number of eggs ten minutes, and peel shell off. Have boiling 2 sliced red beets and drop the eggs into this liquor, boiling five minutes longer, or until nicely colored. Then take out eggs and let cool; when cold, cut in halves lengthwise, remove yolks, chop fine and add a tablespoon each of chopped onion, celery, and sweet pickles. Add 2 tablespoons mayonnaise and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt, sugar, and red pepper, together with 1 teaspoon vinegar. Mix thoroughly and return to egg-whites, pressing together again and arranging on lettuce leaves on serving dish.

VEAL OYSTERS: Cut pieces of veal of size of oysters, dust with salt and pepper, dip in egg and then in ground bread or cracker crumbs. Brown nicely in deep fat and serve with tomato sauce.

SPARE RIBS AND CARROTS: Boil two or three pounds of spare ribs in salted water with a dash of black pepper, until nearly tender. Then add a bunch of carrots, washed and quartered, and two or three potatoes, quartered lengthwise. When all is tender, thicken with milk and flour, add a teaspoon of sugar, boil five minutes more, and serve.

COCOANUT CUSTARD PIE: Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoanut in 1 cup milk $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Line a deep pie pan with pastry and fill with following: Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch with 2 tablespoons sugar, add 3 eggs and beat until creamy. Now add soaked cocoanut, a pinch of salt, 3 cups of milk, and stir all together. Bake about 30 minutes, or until firm.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 563)

appreciated, as every quarter you send will help to lift the heavy load from the heart of the missionary. Father Ambrose's children need shoes badly; anyone having discarded shoes about the house, kindly send them to him. They can use men's and women's sizes as well as small ones, as the 16 and 17-year-olds usually are large for their age.

Father is asking also for Cod Liver Oil for the little tuberculous ones, and for those with stubborn coughs and colds. Let us help save these poor little children of the reservations, who have as much right to live well as we have. Also send vaseline, gauze, cotton, bandages, yellow oxide ointment and any other medications. Father states he could use some more sewing machines. We can buy them here in St. Louis for \$5 and \$10. Anyone wishing to donate something, send money to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

TIN FOIL, ROSARIES, MEDALS, ETC.

The following kind friends have sent in packages: Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. C. M. Drola, New Orleans; Nellie Markham, St. Paul, Minn.; Donor, New Orleans; Mrs. H. W. Johnson, Stevens Point, Wis.; Mrs. Theo. Stallboris, Hanover, Kans.; Mrs. A. F. Husa, Calumet City, Ill.; Mrs. Cameron, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Eliz. Brickhoff, Cinti., O.; Mrs. N. McPartland, Toledo, O.; Donor, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. H. J. Schuck, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. H. F. Hillemeyer, Lexington, Ky.; Clare Lawton, New Orleans; Mrs. Jos. F. Seherer, Waukegon, Ill.; A. Lynch, Grass Lake, Mich. Many thanks, and come again.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Now that times are so hard on the reservations, instead of buying birthday gifts and lotto and bridge prizes from the stores, buy them from us, and help the poor Indians to make a living. Our beadwork and embroidery make ideal bridge and lotto prizes; buy one for your sodality lotto, and let it be known that the gift was made by the Indians.

A beautiful beaded handbag would be a very interesting prize—\$3, \$2, and \$1.50; Pincushions, 75¢; Woven bead necklaces, \$1.00; other necklaces, 75¢ and 50¢; War club, beaded handle, stone head, \$2; Adult moccasins, \$3 (give length of foot in inches); Children's \$1.50; A pair of buckskin baby moccasins, covered with solid beading would be a lovely little prize—only 75¢ a pair. Tiny, cunning doll moccasins, 25¢—very hard to make, and very daintily put together. One silk quilt top, \$7.00. Or select a piece of embroidery made by Father Sylvester's girls: A laundry bag would be a nice prize—we have one in pink, 50¢. Or a nice large scarf, \$2; or a smaller one for \$1. We have a beautiful embroidered lunch cloth, 54 inches wide with 6 large napkins, \$5.00. A 36-inch one with 4 napkins, all lace-edged, \$3. Tea towels, embroidered, always a nice gift or prize, 25¢ each. Embroidered pillow slips, \$1.00 a pair. Emb. knife fork and spoon cases, \$1 each. Emb. white rompers for 2-year-old child, \$1. Fancy garter, all colors, 50¢. Cushion top, backed and fringed, 75¢. Hand-painted black silk Spanish scarf, edged with fringe, \$3. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo. Remittance must accompany order.



Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.



Dr. H.—"There was a conference on the health of the child held in Washington and known as the White House Conference. Have you noticed any reports from it?"

Mr. R.—"I haven't seen anything about it. I wouldn't read it if I did. What do them conferences know about children? There's no one can tell anything about a child, only them that has them."

Dr. H.—"You have had a large family, Mr. R., and still there are a number of things about children that you do not know."

Mr. R.—"What, for instance?"

Dr. H.—"You do not know, for instance, how many children there are in the United States without homes."

Mr. R.—"Why should I? I have trouble enough keeping a roof over my own. How many are there anyway?"

Dr. H.—"Would you believe there are 250,000?"

Mr. R.—"I would not. There couldn't be so many little children without homes in this country."

Dr. H.—"But it is a fact. There are that many little waifs in the country without any home. Did you ever think of taking one of them, and giving it a chance, Mr. R.?"

Mr. R.—"I never even heard of this thing before. I never thought of it."

Mrs. Carey.—"I often thought, doctor, of taking a little orphan, but I was afraid it mightn't turn out well."

Dr. H.—"Well, we all have to run that chance even with our own children. Sometimes they don't turn out well either, and there is no harm in giving them an opportunity."

Mrs. Carey.—"Did you ever hear of any of these children doing well?"

Dr. H.—"I have heard of a great many. As a matter of fact, when a survey was made of the children raised in a state home to find out how they succeeded in adjusting themselves to life after they grew up, it was found that they compared very well with any other group of children."

Mr. R.—"I wouldn't take the chance."

Dr. H.—"It is not you that takes the chance, you give the chance to the child. Now I want to tell you something more about children: In the past year there were no less than 200,000 children before the juvenile court."

Mr. R.—"The little divvles, getting themselves into jail."

Dr. H.—"What about the big divvles that know there are conditions under which a child has nine chances out of ten to grow up a criminal and that we do not make the slightest move to correct them? We just content ourselves with handling the product, without considering the factory where it is made."

Mr. R.—"Well, what would you do? You talk so big."

Dr. H.—"Now you have put me on the 'spot.' The

ravelled skein of life is beyond my fixing. But I do think if each one of us made up our minds to help in our own way that we might be able to stop the great tide of children that are headed for destruction."

Mr. R.—"How could we stop it? We don't know the children. We don't know where they are. We can't go out an' catch them like you would stray calves?"

Dr. H.—"You are right. We can't go out and catch them, but it seems to me that if each one of us in his own community or township or county kept a watch out for destitute children, and helped to do what was best for them, sometimes keeping the family together with a little neighborly help, or finding a place or home for the little ones, whether it was a state home or a Catholic orphanage, so that at least those within our circle of observation were cared for, that would be doing a little."

Mr. R.—"I think the Government should look after every child that hasn't a home of its own."

Dr. H.—"It is the intention of the Government to do that very thing, but when the Government does its best, you will find that there is a lot that remains undone. There is a great mass of work that can only be done by the people that can make actual personal contact with those that need assistance. That is why that, while the different states all support orphanages, there are still so many private institutions, like our Catholic Homes overflowing with children. That is the reason that a home like Father Flannagan's Home for Boys exists. The boys there he simply picked off the streets, and he is making fine men of them."

Mr. R.—"Well, I'd like to know who a child was before I'd take it into my house."

Dr. H.—"We all know who these children are. They call God Father, just as we do. That is surely enough to know about them. Now I will tell you a little story I heard this fall about a man and woman who had a large family of boys and girls. One night a little waif was laid at their door. They took it in and raised it with their own. The children all grew up and went their own way, but the little waif would not leave his foster parents, and when they came to die he was the only one of their large family that was there to close their eyes."

THE BLESSING

Bless the four corners of this house,

And be the lintel blest;

And bless the hearth and bless the board

And bless each place of rest;

And bless the door that opens wide

To stranger as to kin;

And bless each crystal windowpane

That lets the starlight in;

And bless the roof-tree overhead

And every sturdy wall.

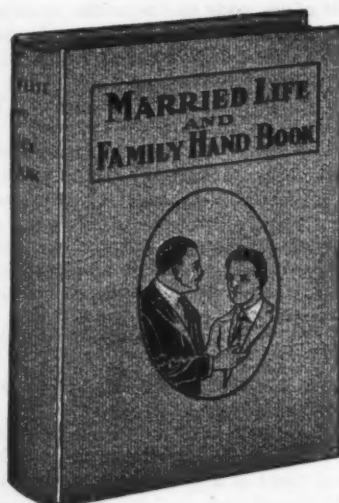
The peace of man, the peace of God,

The peace of love on all. —Arthur Guiterman.

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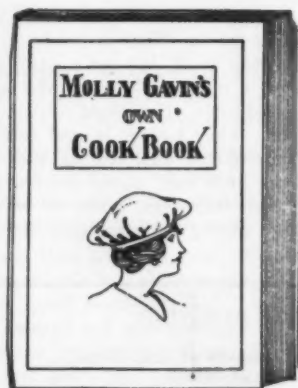
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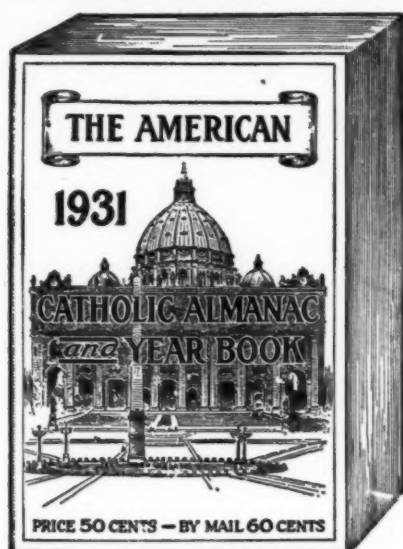
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